SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I Love the Sea.

A RESPONSE TO "I LOVE THE LAND."

I love the sea,
The wild and free
In color or storm my home to be
When on its breast
The sea birds rest,
As children as each enemy chest
Or when the waves,
In wildness raves,
And angry billows madly lave,
Upon its tide,
Dashing their pride
As fairy barques so noiseless glide
On ocean's floor,
I love to roam,
Out gallant ship my only home,
When tempests sleep,
On the mighty deep
And cloudless skies their vigils keep
At deepest night,
By the moon's pale light,
Gilding each crest of lofty height
I love to hear,
Amid gloom the roar
The lion of ocean's rolling shore
Free as the wind,
No tie to bind,
Chained to stake on firm and mind
We know no care,
But freedom's share,
All, all are as lightly cares as the air
Give me the home
For a home of mine,
Where the golden day in time patently shine
Where the stars will beam,
With as bright a gleam
As those that shone in our childhood's dream
No tyrant see fear
Roam in fear,
Nor in manhood's age so much the fear
But cut away
On the dashing spray
In my home as home there let me stay
Let others stand,
On the mountains grand,
And in the storm "gave me the land."
But stand for me,
The boundless sea,
The home of the bold and daughters free.

Philadelphia, 1840. H.

From the Philadelphia Chart for August.

Cruising in the Last War.

No. XIII.

Come more upon the waters! let once more
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows its master. Welcome to their fear!
Childe Harold.

The Attack.

"Hass a care, massa," whispered a low voice outside, coming apparently from beneath the sill door of the hut where I was confined—"hab a care you no talk so loud, or some body beside me may hear."

"And who are you—old thunder gust, pulling in your out thus way among your betters?" broke in Taffrail at my side.

"And who de dibbil be you, eh?" retorted the voice, which I now found to be that of our guard. "I no speak to you, Massa Toprail, but to de officer dere," and seemingly highly offended the dusky sentinel began once more his monotonous walk.

"Surely I should know that voice," said I to myself. "I have heard it somewhere, but when I cannot remember—eh! I have it—hist!" said I, as the guard once more approached the window, "are you not old Hannibal?"

"Gorramighty how you find dat out, massa?" groaned the negro, partaking extreme surprise at my words, although it was evident the fellow had long since discovered who I was. "I may be Hannibal, or I may no be Hannibal—but what is dat to you, eh, Massa Dunforth?" and again he grinned, until his white teeth were seen almost from ear to ear.

"Come," I continued, on the same low tone, "I cannot be mistaken—you are from Baltimore, and have at large twin sons yet I see. Do you remember when you used to carry me in your arms, and make tiny ships for me to sail?"

"Eh! dat do I Massa Dunforth,—but Lor bless us," said he, shaking his head, and rolling up his eyes, "how de times hab been transmigrated since dem—Massa Dunden dead and gone—we all off to some dam sugar planter—and," continued he, with another grin, and a significant jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "I find my self here all of a sudden—dat 'tself. But you, how in de name of all fast wared, is de chief leader too to-day, did you get here?"

"It is a long story, but hark! is not some one coming around these bushes?"

"Yes—lock in your head like a little tortoise—quick, quick—I be back by and by massa," and resuming his walk, he jerked up his head as de soldiers did broke out, with immutable gravity into an old camp meeting hymn—

"Let sinners stand,
On this mountain grand,
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"Let sinners stand,

"*Fight to the last*, then, and be d— to you," growled the voice, as it crossed the line, and soon died away on the right in the gathering twilight.

"Eh! you no crow over sentry," chuckled the guard, looking after the angry seamen with a broad grin on his face, "like you crow over old Hannibal, Massa Bodon,—but dis will teber do—he interrupt my singing

"Massa sell me to Low'sana—yo—ho!
Good bye wife and children dear—yo—ho!
Good bye wife and children dear—yo—ho!
Oh! I neber see you more—yo—ho!"

"Hist—hist—Hannibal," I whispered, as he again approached the window. But though he was so nigh as to render it impossible not to hear me, with the most imperturbable gravity he continued his walk, breaking out into a well known chaunt,

"Like Hebrew heart in de market sold,
Like Hebrew heart to de market sold,
Like Hebrew heart in de market sold,
We endures de heat, and we bear de cold.
Oher de riber."

When he came to the end of his walk, however, I thought I could see him slyly casting his eye toward the window a moment; but if so it was instantly turned away again, and he continued in a louder strain,

"Oh take your shoes from off your feet,
Oh! take your shoes from off your feet,
Oh! take your shoes from off your feet
We soon shall walk de golden street,
Oher de riber."

"Hannibal! Hannibal! what the deuce is the matter with you?" said I once more, as he drew nigh. The old fellow again pretended not to hear me, but broke out at the top of his lungs, swinging his body from side to side, and patting his leg in time with his hands,

"De dibbil mad and I am glad,
I wud be always may be mad—
What make de dibbil hate me so?
He bad me once and he bet me go—
Oher de riber."

"Hannibal—for heaven's sake, stop—and listen to me," said I.

"What de dibbil you want, massa—eh?" said he, suddenly wheeling round, and grinning most provokingly at me, "why you no let poor sentry do him soul good by singing one lettle hymn?"

The dusk, the air, the time, every thing was so unexpressibly characteristic, that though the last one in the world to indulge in mirth on such a subject, I could not refrain from bursting into a hearty laugh, in which, after a little grimace on the part of Hannibal, produced by a vain attempt to keep up his character, he joined as uncontrollably as myself. In a moment, however, I checked my mirth, and said,

"Enough of this,—and you may spare me, if you please, any attempt to convince me of your worth by singing psalms. I'll take all that for granted, and so will my friends here—

"Massa too good," said the old fellow heaving, and taking all I said in earnest.

"But now to the point—can't you help us somehow to escape?"

The old hypocrite drew a long whistle, and opening his huge eyes to their full extent, said,

"What you think of me, sar?—hab I no honor—you my soul can't be massa," and he laid his hand on his heart.

"Yes—but it can," said I, for I knew the character I had to deal with, "you'll never suffer us to be sacrificed by those rascally cut throats here, it would be neither honorable nor generous like."

"Eh! what dat you say?" ejaculated the old fellow, looking suddenly up, "not promash him?"

"No—besides we'll richly reward you—you shall be free—go back to the States if you wish—I'll see that no one ever troubles you—

"Will you do dat, massa?—will you?—and do little money too, to keep old man from starving—no let him be catch agin by dem dam sugar planter? eh! will you promise all dat?"

"Yes—provided you get us all off."

"All—" said he, pausing a moment, "it berry hard on poor nigger—but spose must be done—well, one, two clock in morning tide make, and den my turn come again—by dat time he all ready, and when Hannibal wind, den come to de window—understan dat, massa?"

I nodded assent, and after a few more directions, the old fellow resumed his walk, while we sat down to wait impatiently for the hour of our release.

Meanwhile the night drew on, and as the short twilight faded rapidly away, a cloud of almost impenetrable darkness settled down upon the scene without. During the whole day we had remained in the hut where we had first huddled, on landing in the Pirate's Hold, and though we had listened eagerly for the sounds of a fray, we had heard nothing to betoken the presence of the pursuers of the morning. For the first hour or two of our confinement we had indeed heard occasionally the sullen booming of a gun at sea, but these sounds had gradually died away, and for many hours an unbroken silence had reigned upon the lagoon, and the apparently deserted brig. Uneasy fears had risen in our minds lest we should be left to our fate by the American squadron, and we saw nothing before us in that alternative but death.—The fear of betrayal would close well our doom, and though the captain had expressed his determination to save us, I knew of how little avail his interposition would be if against an exasperated crew. Actuated by these fears, we flushed the discovery of Hannibal, and our subsequent parley with emotions of warm gratitude.

The hut in which we were confined was raised on logs, to protect it from the tide, and commanded a view of the lagoon, and neighboring straight, interrupted here and there, however, by intervening trees. The windows from which I conversed with the sentinel was on the back of the hut, and on that account only had our interview passed unnoticed by the freebooters. The view, however, from the opposite casement, disclosed few signs of life on the part of the pirates. The position of the brig remained unchanged, but scarcely a man was seen about her decks; while the few stragglers who had at first been discernible along the shore, had now one by one disappeared, until as the shades of evening grew darker, one solitary figure alone seen on the fore yard arm of the brig, leaned listlessly forward, as if gazing into the gloom ahead. At length as the obscurity increased, even he was lost sight of, until finally nothing was perceptible except the shadowy outline of the vessel, faintly traced against the dusky back ground of the sky.

It was already ten o'clock, and the few stars at first discernible above, had vanished in the gloom, when having chosen one of our little group as sentry, to call us at midnight, we lay down to snatch a few moments of repose. Overcome by excitement and fatigue, my companions were soon buried in repose. But I could not sleep. In vain I tried to lull myself into forgetfulness; in vain I resolved to think no more of the uncertainties of the last twenty four hours; for the determination would scarcely be made before my thoughts would again revert to their old subject, and I would see once more in imagination the battle, the massacre, and the subsequent flight. Meantime silence reigned on all around, so that the deep breathing of my companions seemed painfully loud. The tread of the sentry unless broke with monotonous distinctness on the earth, and the sullen roar of the surf beaten faintly on the distance. Suddenly I heard a shot, hitch another, and then the loud roll of a drum from the brig. Shouts, cries, and heavy feet rose upon the silence, and in a moment all was commotion. Springing to my feet, and rushing to the window, I detected the cause of the alarm at once.

The night was still gloomy, but as the straight, separated from the hut only by a line of dwarf trees, lay almost at our feet, I had no sooner reached the casement than my ear caught the accustomed sound of muffled oars proceeding from a boat pulling swiftly for the lagoon. It had already, from the direction of the sound, obviously passed the masked battery of the pirates, and the shots I had heard proceeded, doubtless, from their awakened sentinels. Still not a word was spoken on board the barge. Steadily they maintained their course although the brig was beginning to open her fire; and the shouts of the miscreant crew rung out fierce and frequent on the night. All at once I caught a glimpse of a dark body shooting out from the shadowy trees in front; another followed in quick succession; and amid a tempest of grape-shot and canister from the brig, returned with equal precision from the bows of the boats, the line of barges dashed up in gallant style to the pirate's vessel, and with loud cheers, attempted to scale her sides. The surprise was so complete that scarcely a couple of minutes had elapsed between the first alarm and the moment when the three boats sweeping up beneath the guns of their foes, changed the contest which the pirates had hoped to maintain at a distance, into a fight of personal prowess. Yet though taken thus unawares, they knew too well their fate if captured, to permit them to waver a moment. Clustering fiercely on the bow, the quarter, the sides, or wherever their opponents attempted to board, they cheered each other on with mingled shouts, curses, and yells, until the very welkin rang again with the discord. It was an awful spectacle. The incessant flashing of the small arms threw a lurid glare around the scene of conflict, in which might be distinguished the dark, smoky faces of the combatants, seeming like beings from the nether world, rather than mortal men. The rattling of the musketry, the sharp cracks of the pistols, the clashing of cutlasses, the shouts of the officers, the oaths of the buccaniers and the occasional cheer of our own men, as they thought for a moment they had obtained a footing on the brig, made a picture upon which, though I had often witnessed conflicts before, I had never yet gazed on with such excited feelings. Oh! how I longed to be free once more, to strike one blow, and avenge my native countrymen, to join in and feel the wild "rapture of a conflict like this," and not to be chained like an imprisoned eagle, and see my own messmates mowed ruthlessly down, when in a few more short arms might turn the fortune of the day, and rid the world of a nest of miscreants. Words cannot tell the agony I suffered in beholding the unavailing bravery of my shipmates, overpowered as they were, by numbers, and the advantages of position, on the part of their foes. Twice did they gain a footing on the deck, and twice did the pirates, headed by their leader, beat them back, hurling them wounded, into the lagoon, from which they were too weak to extricate themselves. Yet my gallant countrymen again rallied not until more than half the crew number were disabled, frustrately attempting to mount the sides of the brig against the serried lines of their foes. At length a momentary pause was made by both parties, but it was only for a moment. Suddenly I heard a deep voice, in which I recognized the Captain's first lieutenant, shouting,

"Three more—my lads—follow me," and in an instant, a third desperate attempt was made to board.

"Beat them back—death or victory—hurl every hell hound of them overboard," thundered back the pirate captain, as the conflict again commenced.

"On—on—strike the murderers to the heart" again shouted the voice of the gallant Sands, as his pistol flashed in the captain's face.

"Hew him down—throw them to the chine—Score," were the responses of as many voices, followed by the clattering of blades, the death grapple of men, and anon the deep splash of some conquered foe into the sluggish lagoon. But gallantry, bravery, perseverance, were of no avail. My noble messmate fell pierced with wounds, and was with difficulty dragged into the barge. After a desperate struggle, our men were a third time beaten back, and the pirates remained victorious. But as were had been their foes, and so much had they been indebted to the inlings for their success, that they made no attempt to pursue the boats, and suffered them to draw off almost in the mouth of the straight, even before opening a fire from their battery upon them. By this time they were within a stone's throw of the hut, and I saw with horror the number of wounded lying in the boats. The moon had meantime half risen over the forest, and in her pale light, I could just discern a detachment of men hurrying down toward the masked battery in order, doubtless, to sweep the retreating boats, as they passed. I did not hesitate. Forgetting danger, prudence, every thing but the peril of my countrymen, I shouted,

"Pull for your lives—there's a masked battery near the mouth of the straight—pull. Storm,—a friend speaks."

"He knows us, by——," said the boatswain, "or how should he tell the schooner's name. Pull—pull, lads, fairies—it is our only chance for life," and, with the velocity of thought, the barges shot under the protection of the trees, and were heard the next instant, surging swiftly down the straight.

"Who's that traitor?" shouted the voice of one of the approaching group, "shoot him down."

"Not now," replied the voice of the leader, "he's safe enough there till morning, when we'll hang the whole d—d set. Push on, or the boats will get off—push on, push on, I say, and none of your grumbling."

The man muttered something in reply, and would have appealed to his comrades, but they staid, one, and all, with their leader, and the whole group was soon lost to sight, as they dashed through the brush toward the battery.

"A narrow escape for us, by heaven!—of our continual protege taken, we are lost men," ejaculated Captain Healey, who, with all of us, had held his breath during this moment in discussion.

"He no lost Hannibal!" I answered, "if he deceive us, with such motives to keep him faithful."

"Let us hope for the best," answered Healey, "it is now past eleven—he will be here—thank God!—by one."

Sleep was now impossible. The sound of the retreating barges had not yet ceased, and we listened anxiously to learn whether they had passed the battery. A few moments satisfied us in a flash of light near the mouth of the straight, followed by a rapid roll of fire arms, apparently from the retreating boats. The result, however, whatever had been its result, soon ceased, and for a quarter of an hour more, we heard nothing. Suddenly, however, a rocket shot up into the sky, a few fathoms, apparently, out of the straight, and was answered immediately, by a blue light, off to sea, disclosing for a moment, the land tracery of a schooner, which I knew at once to be The Storm.

"They have escaped," said Taffrail, drawing a long breath.

"And there goes the frigate's signal gun," I said, as a cannon still further out at sea, a moment silently across the night.

From the Philadelphia Casket for August.

Historical Lyrics.

The Burning of Joan of Arc.

BY HENRY B. HIRST

They ye bound her to the iron stake
That fierce and haughty maid—
Oh! mistress of the hearts of France,
In this the sorry rot's past!
The flashing fire is round her now,
And mocking lips are near,
But scathing flame and mocking lip
Can wake from her no fear.

Oh! France, where is thy chivalry
Where, where thy crowned king;
That he can suffer death like this,
To claim so fair a thing!
Shame's cloud is over thy sunny hills,
The stone breath of shame,
Hath blotted out from valor's list,
The records of thy fame

Where are the friends of early youth!
Forsaken France, for thee!
The martyr on this awful hour
Is one that made thee free!
Where are the knight-hosts she led
To victory and renown
Get fickle of short space and helmless,
Her arm had stricken down?

Come, come, ye men of iron souls,
Behold your leader die
Your eyes may see no quivering lip,
Your ears hear never a sigh
Is there no sword to mighty France,
To save her from the tomb!
And England's chivalry, can they
Be witnesses of her doom?

God! there is none, it is no dream—
Thus to the stake she lies;
The sparks, the smoke, the trumpet tone,
By Rouen's market spire
Joanne of Arc, oh! can it be
These is the fellow's doom
And thine the quivering withered form
Within the smoke cloud's gloom?

One cry—a gasp, but not of fear,
Springs from that wan of flame
And France—oh! according Angel stands,
To chronicle the shame—
Bear forth the tale on eagle's wings,
Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!
Hath taken a fairer life at the stake,
Quickly, kindly, died

Philadelphia, 1840.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

Quiet and solitude were destined to hold uninterrupted rule no longer, beneath the roof that sheltered the child. Next morning the old man was in a raging fever accompanied with delirium, and sinking under the influence of this disorder he lay for many weeks in imminent peril of his life. There was watching enough now, but it was the watching of strangers who made of it a greedy trade, and who, in the intervals of their attendance upon the sick man, huddled together with a ghastly good fellowship, and eat and drank and made merry, for disease and death were their ordinary hours hold gods.

Yet in all the hurry and crowding of such a time, the child was more alone than she had ever been before; alone in spirit, alone in her devotion to him who was wasting away upon his burning bed, alone in her undivided sorrow and her undivided sympathy. Day after day, and night after night, found her still by the pillow of the unconscious sufferer, still anticipating his every want, and still listening to those repetitions of her name, and those anxieties and cares for her, which were ever uppermost among his feverish wanderings.

The house was no longer theirs. Even the sick chamber seemed to be retained on the uncertain tenure of Mr. Quilp's favor. The old man's illness had not lasted many days when he took formal possession of the premises and sat upon them, in virtue of certain legal powers to that effect which few understand and none presumed to call in question. This important step secured, with the assistance of a man of law whom he brought with him for the purpose, the dwarf proceeded to establish himself and his confidant in the house, as an assertion of his claim against all comers; and then set about making his quarters comfortable after his own fashion.

To this end, Mr. Quilp encamped in the back parlor, having first put an effectual stop to any further business by shutting up the shop. Having looked out from the old furniture the hard worked and most commodious chair he could possibly find, which he reserved for his own use, and in especially hideous and uncomfortable one, which he considerately appropriated to the accommodation of his friend, he caused them to be carried into this room and took up his position in great state. The apartment was very far removed from the old man's chamber, but Mr. Quilp deemed it prudent, as a precaution against infection from fever, and a means of wholesome fumigation, not only to smoke himself without cessation, but to insist upon it that his legal friend did the like. Moreover, he sent an express to the wharf for the tumbling boy, who arriving with all despatch was enjoined to sit himself down in another chair just inside the door, continually to smoke a great pipe which the dwarf had provided for the purpose, and to take it from his lips under any pretense whatever, were it only for one minute at a time, if he dared. These arrangements completed, Mr. Quilp looked round him with chuckling satisfaction, and remarked that he called that comfort.

The legal gentleman, whose unbidden name was Brass, might have called it comfort also but for two drawbacks, one was that he could by no exertion sit easily in his chair, the seat of which was very hard, angular, slippery, and sloping; the other that tobacco-smoke always caused him great internal discomposure and annoyance. But as he was quite a creature of Mr. Quilp's and had a thousand reasons for cultivating his good opinion, he tried to smile, and nodded his acquiescence with the best grace he could assume.

This Brass was an attorney of no very good repute from Bevis Marks, in the city of London; he was a tall, meagre man, with a nose like a vane, a protruding forehead, twinkling eyes, and hair of a deep red. He wore a long black surtout reaching nearly to his ankles, short black trousers, high shoes, and cotton stockings of a bluish grey. He had a cringing manner but a very harsh voice, and his blandest smiles were so extremely forbidding, that to have had his company under the least repulsive circumstances, one would have wished him to be out of temper that he might only scowl.

Quilp looked at his legal adviser, and seeing that he was winking very much in the anguish of his pipe, that he sometimes shuddered when he happened to inhale its full flavor, and that he constantly fanned the smoke from him, was quite overjoyed and rubbed his hands with glee.

"Smoke away, you dog," said Quilp, turning to the boy; "fill your pipe again and smoke it fast, down to the last shoe, or I'll put the seal on a red end of it in the fire and rub it red hot upon your tongue."

Happily the boy was case-hardened, and would have smoked a small lime-kiln if any body had treated him with it. Wherefore he only mutter ed a brief defiance of his master, and did as he was ordered.

"Is it good, Brass, is it nice, is it fragrant, do you feel like the Grand Turk?" said Quilp.

Mr. Brass thought that if he did, the Grand Turk's feelings were by no means to be envied, but he said it was famous, and he had no doubt he felt very like that Potentate.

"This is the way to keep off fever," said Quilp, "this is the way to keep off every calamity of life. We'll never leave off all the time we stop here—smoke away you dog or you shall swallow the pipe."

"Shall we stop here long, Mr. Quilp?" inquired his legal friend, when the dwarf had given his boy this last gentle admonition.

"We must stop, I suppose, till the old gentleman up stairs is dead," returned Quilp.

"He he he!" laughed Mr. Brass, "oh! very good!"

"Smoke away!" cried Quilp. "Never stop! You can talk as you smoke. Don't lose time."

"He he he!" cried Brass, faintly, as he again applied himself to the odious pipe. "But if he should get better, Mr. Quilp?"

"Then we shall stop till he does, and no longer," returned the dwarf.

"How kind it is of you, sir, to wait till then!" said Brass. "Some people, sir, would have sold or removed the goods—oh dear, the very instant the law allowed 'em. Some people, sir, would have been all flintiness and granite. Some people, sir, would have—"

"Some people would have spared themselves the jabbering of such a parrot as you," interposed the dwarf.

"He he he!" cried Brass. "You have such spirits!"

The smoking sentinel at the door interposed in this place, and without taking his pipe from his pile, growled,

"Here's the gal a comin' down."

"The what, you dog?" said Quilp.

"The gal," returned the boy. "Are you deaf?"

"Oh!" said Quilp, drawing in his breath with great relish, as if he were taking soup, "you and I will have such a settling presently, there's such a scratchin and brasing in store for you, my dear young friend. Aha! Nelly! How is he now, my duck of diamonds?"

"He's very bad," replied the weeping child.

"What a pretty little Nell!" cried Quilp.

"Oh beautiful, sir, beautiful indeed," said Brass. "Quite charming."

"Has she come to sit upon Quilp's knee?" said the dwarf, in what he meant to be a soothing tone, "or is she going to bed in her own little room inside here—which is past Nelly going to do?"

"What a remarkable pleasant way he has with children!" muttered Brass, as if in confidence between himself and the ceiling; "upon my word it's quite a treat to hear him."

"I'm not going to stay at all," faltered Nell. "I want a few things out of that room, and then I—I—won't come down here any more."

"And a very now little room it is!" said the dwarf, looking into it as the child entered. "Quite a bower. You're sure you're not going to use it, you're sure you're not coming back, Nelly?"

"No," replied the child, hurrying away, with the few articles of dress she had come to remove; "never again, never again."

"She's very sensitive," said Quilp, looking after her. "Very sensitive; that's a pity. The bedstead is much about my size. I think I shall make it my little room."

Mr. Brass encouraging this idea, as he would have encouraged any other emanating from the same source, the dwarf walked in to try the effect, which he did by throwing himself on his back upon the bed with his pipe in his mouth, and then kicking up his legs and smoking violently. Mr. Brass applauding this picture very much, and the bed being soft and comfortable, Mr. Quilp determined to use it, both as a sleeping place by night and as a kind of Divan by day, and in order that it might be converted to the latter purpose at once, remained where he was and smoked his pipe out. The legal gentleman being by this time rather giddy and perplexed in his ideas (for this was one of the operations of the tobacco upon his nervous system,) took the opportunity of sneaking away into the open air where in course of time he recovered sufficient to return with a countenance of tolerable composure. He was soon led on by the malicious dwarf to smoke himself into a relapse, and in that state stumbled upon a settee where he slept till morning.

Such were Mr. Quilp's first proceedings on entering upon his new property. He was for some days restrained by business from performing any particular pranks, as his time was pretty well occupied between taking, with the assistance of Mr. Brass, a minute inventory of all the goods in the place, and going abroad upon his other concerns, which happily engaged him for several hours at a time. His exercise and caution being now thoroughly awakened, however, he was never absent from his house one night, and his carefulness for some termination, good or bad, to the old man's disorder, increasing rapidly as the time passed by, soon began to vent itself in open murmurs and exclamations of impatience.

Nell shrunk timidly from all the dwarf's advances toward conversation, and fled from the very sound of his voice, nor were the lawyer's smiles less terrible to her than Quilp's grimaces. She lived in such continual dread and apprehension of meeting one or the other of them upon the stairs or in the passage if she stirred from her grandfather's chamber, that she seldom left it for a moment until late at night, when the silence encouraged her to venture forth, and breathe the purer air of some empty room.

One night she had stolen to her usual window and was sitting there very sorrowfully, for the old man had been worse that day, when she thought she heard her name pronounced by a voice in the street, and looking down, recognised Kit, whose endeavors to attract her attention had caused her first to hear her reflections.

"Miss Nell!" said the boy, in a low voice.

"Yes," replied the child, doubtful whether she ought to hold any conversation with the supposed culprit, but inclining to her old favorite still,—"what do you want?"

"I have wanted to say a word to you for a long time," the boy replied, "but the people here have driven me away and wouldn't let me see you. You don't believe—I hope you really don't believe—that I deserve to be cast off as I have been, do you, Miss?"

"I must believe it, returned the child. "Or why would grandfather have been so angry with you?"

"I don't know," replied Kit. "I'm sure I've never deserved it from him—no, nor from you. I can say that with a true and honest heart, any way. And then to be driven from the door, when I only came to ask how old master was—"

"They never told me that," said the child "I didn't know, indeed. I wouldn't have had them do it for the world."

"Think's, Miss," returned Kit, "as comfort able to hear you say that. I said I never would believe that it was your doing."

"That was right," said the child eagerly.

"Miss Nell," cried the boy, coming under the window and speaking in a lower tone, "there are new masters down stairs. It's a change for you."

"It is, indeed," replied the child.

"And so it will be for him, when he gets better," said the boy, pointing toward the sick room "—If he ever does," added the child, unable to restrain her tears.

"Oh, he'll do that,—he'll do that," said Kit, "I'm sure he will. You must n't be cast down, Miss Nell. Now don't be, pray."

These words of encouragement and consolation were few and roughly said, but they affected the child and made her for the moment weep the more.

"He'll be sure to get better now," said the boy, anxiously, "if you don't give away to low spirits and turn ill yourself, which would make him worse and throw him back just as he was recovering. When he does, say a good word for me, Miss Nell."

"They tell me I must not even mention your name to him for a long, long time," repined the child, "I dare not; and even if I might, what good would a kind word do you, Kit? We shall be very poor. We shall scarcely have bread to eat."

"It's not that I may be taken back," said the boy, "that I ask the favor of you. It isn't for the sake of food and wages that I've been waiting about so long in hopes to see you. Don't think I'd come in a time of trouble to talk of such things as them."

The child looked gratefully and kindly at him, but waited that he might speak again.

"No, it's not that," said Kit, hesitating, "it's something very different from that. I haven't got much sense, I know, but if he could be brought to believe that I'd been a faithful servant to him, doing the best I could, and never meaning him harm, perhaps he might't"—

Here Kit faltered so long that the child entreated him to speak out, and quickly, for it was very late, and time to shut the window.

"Perhaps he might't think it ever venture some of me to say—well then to say this," cried Kit with sudden boldness. "This home is gone from you and him. Mother and I have got a poor one, but that's better than this with all those people here, and why not come there, till he's had time to look about and find a better?"

The child did not speak. Kit, on the relief of having made his proposition, found his tongue loosened, and spoke out in its favor with the utmost eloquence.

"You think," said the boy, "that it's very small and inconvenient. So it is, but it's very clean. Perhaps you think it would be noisy, but there's not a quieter court than ours in all the town. Don't be afraid of the children; the baby hardly ever cries, and the other one is very good—besides, I'd mind 'em. They wouldn't vex you much, I'm sure. Do try, Miss Nell, do try. The little front room up stairs is very pleasant—You can see a piece of the church clock through the chimneys and almost tell the time; mother says it would be just the thing for you, and so it would, and you'd have her to wait upon you both, and me to run of errands. We don't mean money, bless you; you're not to think of that. Will you try him, Miss Nell? Only say you'll try him. Do try to make old master come, and ask him first what I have done—will you only promise that, Miss Nell?"

Before the child could reply to his earnest solicitation, the street door opened, and Mr. Brass thrusting out his night-capped head, called in a surly voice, "Who's there?" Kit immediately glided away, and Nell, closing the windows softly, withdrew into the room.

Before Mr. Brass had repeated his inquiry many times, Mr. Quilp, also embellished with a night cap, emerged from the same door and looked carefully up and down the street, and up at all the windows of the house from the opposite side. Finding that there was nobody in sight, he presently returned into the house with his legal friend, protesting as the child heard from the staircase, that there was a league and plot against him, that he was in danger of being robbed and plundered by a band of conspirators who prowled about the house at all seasons, and that he would no longer delay but take immediate steps for disposing of the property and returning to his own peaceful home! Having growled forth these and a great many other threats of a like nature, he ended himself once more on the child's little bed, and Nell crept softly up the stairs.

It was natural enough that her short and unfinished dialogue with Kit, should leave a strong impression on her mind, and influence her dreams that night and her recollections for a long, long time. Surrounded by unfeeling creditors, and mercenary attendants upon the sick, and meeting in the height of her anxiety and sorrow with little regard or sympathy even from the women about her, it is not surprising that the affectionate heart of the child should have been touched to the quick by one kind and generous spirit, however uncouth the temple in which it dwelt.—Think Heaven that the temples of such spirits are not made with hands, and that they may be more worthily hung with poor patchwork than with purple and fine linen.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

At length the crisis of the old man's disorder was past, and he began to mend. By very slow and feeble degrees his consciousness came back, but the mind was weakened and its functions were impaired. He was patient, and quiet; often sat brooding, but not despondently, for a long space; as easily amused even by a sun-beam on the wall or ceiling, made no complaint that the days were long or the nights tedious; and appeared indeed to have lost all count of time and every sense of care or weariness. He would sit for hours together with Nell's small hand in his, playing with the fingers and stopping sometimes to smooth her hair or kiss her brow, and when he saw that tears were glistening in her eyes would look, amazed, about him for the cause, and forget his wonder even while he looked.

The child and he rode out; the old man propped up with pillows, and the child beside him.—They were hand in hand as usual. The noise and motion in the streets fatigued his brain at first, but he was not surprised, or curious, or pleased, or interested. He was asked if he remembered this, or that. "Oh yes," he said, "quite well—why not?" Sometimes he turned his head and looked with earnest gaze and outstretched neck after some stranger in the crowd, until he disappeared from sight, but to the question why he did this, he answered not a word.

He was sitting in his easy chair one day, and Nell upon a stool beside him, when a man outside the door inquired if he might enter. "Yes," he said, without emotion, "it was Quilp, he knew Quilp was master there. Of course he might come in." And so he did.

"I'm glad to see you well again at last, neighbor," said the dwarf sitting down opposite to him. "You're quite strong now?"

"Yes," said the old man feebly, "yes."

"I don't want to hurry you, you know, neighbor," said the dwarf, raising his voice, for the old man's senses were duller than they had been "but as soon as you can arrange your future proceedings, the better."

"Hardly," said the old man. "The better for all parties."

"You see," pursued Quilp, after a short pause, "the goods being once removed, this house would be uncomfortable; uninhabitable in fact."

"You say true," returned the old man. "Poor Nell, too, what would she do?"

"Exactly," hinted the dwarf nodding his head. "that's very well observed. Then will you consider about it, neighbor?"

"I will certainly," replied the old man. "We shall not stop here."

"So I supposed," said the dwarf. "I have sold the things. They have not yielded quite as much as they might have done, but pretty well—pretty well. To-day's Tuesday. When shall they be moved? There's no hurry—shall we say this afternoon?"

"Say Friday morning," returned the old man.

"Very good," said the dwarf. "So be it,—with the understanding that I can't go beyond that day neighbor, on any account."

"Good," returned the old man. "I shall remember it."

Mr. Quilp seemed rather puzzled by the strange, even, spiritless way in which all this was said; but as the old man nodded his head and repeated "on Friday morning—I shall remember it," he had no excuse for dwelling upon the subject any farther, and so took a friendly leave with many expressions of good-will and many compliments to his friend on his looking so remarkably well; and went below stairs to report progress to Mr. Brass.

All that day and all the next, the old man remained in this state. He wandered up and down the house and into and out of the various rooms, as if with some vague intent of bidding them adieu, but he referred neither by direct allusions nor in any other manner to the interview of the morning or the necessity of finding some other shelter. An indistinct idea he had that the child was desolate and in want of help, for he often drew her to his bosom and bade her be of good cheer, saying that they would not desert each other; but he seemed unable to contemplate their real position more distinctly, and was still the listless, passionless creature, that suffering of mind and body had left him.

We call this a state of childishness, but it is the same poor hollow mockery of it, that death is of sleep. Where, in the dull eyes of doating men, are the laughing light and life of childhood, the gaiety that has known no check, the frankness that has felt no chill, the hope that has never withered, the joys that fade in blossoming?—Where, in the sharp lineaments of rigid and unsightly death, is the calm beauty of slumber, telling of rest for the waking hours that are past, and gentle hopes and loves for those which are to

legal knowledge in any material degree, Mr. Brass humbly suggested that it must have been forgotten over night, and was doubtless at that moment in its native key-hole. Notwithstanding that Mr. Quilp had a strong conviction to the contrary, founded on his recollection of having carefully taken it out, he was fain to admit that this was possible, and therefore went grumbling to the door, where, sure enough, he found it.

Now, just as Mr. Quilp laid his hand upon the lock and saw with great astonishment that the fastenings were undone, the knocking came again with most irritating violence, and the day-light which had been shining through the key-hole was intercepted on the outside by a human eye. The dwarf was very much exasperated, and wanting somebody to wreak his ill-humor upon, determined to dart out suddenly and favor Mrs. Quilp with a gentle acknowledgment of her attention in making that hideous uproar.

With this view he drew back the lock very silently and softly, and opening the door all at once, pounced out upon the person on the other side, who had at that moment raised the knocker for another application, and at whom the dwarf ran head first, throwing out his hands and feet together, and biting the air in the fulness of his malice.

So far, however, from rushing upon somebody who offered no resistance and implored his mercy, Mr. Quilp was no sooner in the arms of the individual whom he had taken for his wife than he found himself complimented with two staggering blows on the head, and two more, of the same quality in the chest, and closing with his assailant, such a shower of buffets rained down upon his person as sufficed to convince him that he was in skilful and experienced hands. Nothing daunted by this reception, he clung tight to his opponent, and bit and hammered away with such good-will and heartiness, that it was at least a couple of minutes before he was dislodged. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp found himself, all flushed and dishevelled, in the middle of the street, with Mr. Richard Swiveller performing a kind of dance round him, and requiring to know "whether he wanted any more."

"There's plenty more of it at the same shop," said Mr. Swiveller, by turns advancing and retreating in a threatening attitude, "a large and extensive assortment always on hand—country orders executed with promptitude and despatch—will you have a little more, sir—don't say no, if you'd rather not."

"I thought it was somebody else," said Quilp rubbing his shoulders, "why didn't you say who you were?"

"Why didn't you say who you were?" returned Dick, "instead of flying out of the house like a Bedlamite?"

"It was you that—that knocked," said the dwarf, getting up with a short groan, "was it?"

"Yes, I'm the man," replied Dick. "That lady had begun when I came, but she knocked too soft, so I relieved her." As he said this, he pointed toward Mrs. Quilp, who stood trembling at a little distance.

"Humph!" muttered the dwarf, darting an angry look at his wife, "I thought it was your fault. And you, sir,—don't you know there has been somebody ill here, that you knock as if you'd beat the door down?"

"Damme!" answered Dick, "that's why I did it. I thought there was somebody dead here."

"You came for some purpose, I suppose," said Quilp. "What is it you want?"

"I want to know how the old gentleman is," rejoined Mr. Swiveller, "and to hear from Nell herself, with whom I should like to have a little talk. I'm a friend of the family, sir,—at least I'm the friend of one of the family, and that's the same thing."

"You'd better walk in then," said the dwarf. "Go on, sir, go on. Now, Mrs. Quilp—after you, ma'm."

Mrs. Quilp hesitated, but Mr. Quilp insisted. And it was not a contest of politeness, or by any means a matter of form, for she knew very well that her husband wished to enter the house in this order that he might have a favorable opportunity of inflicting a few pinches on her arms, which were seldom free from impressions of his fingers in black and blue colors. Mr. Swiveller who was not in the secret was a little surprised to hear a suppressed scream, and, looking round, to see Mrs. Quilp following him with a sudden jerk; but he did not remark on these appearances, and soon forgot them.

"Now Mrs. Quilp," said the dwarf when they had entered the shop, "go you up stairs if you please to Nelly's room, and tell her that she's wanted."

"You seem to make yourself at home here," said Dick, who was unacquainted with Mr. Quilp's authority.

"I *am* at home, young gentleman," returned the dwarf.

Dick was pondering what these words might mean, and still more what the presence of Mr. Brass might mean, when Mrs. Quilp came hurrying down stairs, declaring that the rooms above were empty.

"Empty, you fool!" said the dwarf.

"I give you my word, Quilp," answered his trembling wife, "that I have been into every room and there's not a soul in any of them."

"And that," said Mr. Brass, clapping his hands once with an emphasis, "explains the mystery of the key!"

Quilp looked frowningly at him, and frowningly at his wife, and frowningly at Richard Swiveller; but receiving no enlightenment from any of them hurried up stairs, whence he soon hurried down again, confirming the report which had been already made.

"It's a strange way of going," he said, glancing at Swiveller, "very strange not to communicate with me who am such a close and intimate friend of his. Ah! he'll write to me no doubt, or he'll bid Nelly write—yes, yes, that's what he'll do. Nelly's very fond of me. Pretty Nell!"

Mr. Swiveller looked, as he was, all open-mouthed astonishment. Still glancing furtively at him, Quilp turned to Mr. Brass and observed with assumed carelessness that this need not interfere with the removal of the goods.

"For indeed," he added, "we knew that they'd go away to-day, but not that they'd go so early or so quietly. But they have their reasons, they have their reasons."

"Where in the devil's name are they gone?" said the wondering Dick.

Quilp shook his head and pursed up his lips in a manner which implied that he knew very well, but was not at liberty to say.

"And what," said Dick, looking at the confusion about him, "what do you mean by moving the goods?"

"That I have bought 'em, sir," rejoined Quilp. "Eh? What then?"

"Has the sly old fox made his fortune then, and gone to live in a tranquil cot in a pleasant spot with a distant view of the changing sea?" said Dick, in great bewilderment.

"Keeping his place of retirement very close, that he may not be visited too often by affectionate grandsons and their devoted friends, eh?" added the dwarf, rubbing his hands hard; "*I* say nothing, but is that your meaning, sir?"

Richard Swiveller was utterly aghast at this unexpected alteration of circumstances, which threatened the complete overthrow of the project in which he bore so conspicuous a part, and seemed to nip his prospects in the bud. Having only received from Frederick Trent, late on the previous night, information of the old man's illness, he had come upon a visit of condolence and inquiry to Nell, prepared with the first instalment of that long train of fascinations which was to fire her heart at last. And here, when he had been thinking of all kinds of graceful and insinuating approaches, and meditating on the fearful retaliation which was slowly working against Sophy Wackles—here were Nell, the old man, and all the money gone, melted away, decamped he knew not whither, as if with a foreknowledge of the scheme and a resolution to defeat it in the very outset, before a step was taken.

Continued in our next

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Cotton—the English.

The late movements in Great Britain respecting the growth of cotton in their East Indian colonies deserve the attention of all interested in this country's continued prosperity, as the destruction of our cotton trade would remove almost the only staple which we have to give in exchange for European commodities.

For sometime the attention of the English manufacturers has been called to the practicability of making the East Indies supply them with cotton in case of any difficulty arising between this country and their own. The subject has derived additional importance to them from the former high price of this staple, late fluctuations in its value, and the threatening aspect of the relations between the two countries, at various periods, since the Canadian insurrection broke forth. The subject instantly became one of importance. It was patronised by government. Active measures were in consequence taken to test the practicability of the scheme, and agents visited this country and India for that purpose.

We have perused the report of the gentlemen visiting this country, but have not leisure to discuss its contents at present. They are various, comprehensive and instructive. They conclude by asserting the entire practicability of raising cotton in India, and at a price, too, to compete with ours in the English market.

Should the English capitalists be convinced by the statistics and arguments of this report and the cultivation of cotton be entered on in the East Indies by a few enterprising individuals, and should their anticipations be realised, and the cotton of Hindoustan equal our own in quality, and compare with it in price, a dangerous blow might,—in the end, be struck at our exports; exports the more necessary to us, to maintain the balance of trade, in consequence of the small quantity of specie comparatively in our country. Or even if the planters of the East Indies should be unable to throw their cotton in the same market with, and undersell our own, and the English government should yield them that protection they have always accorded to the products of their own colonies, the same result might ensue.

The possibility, however, of such a rivalry is somewhat remote for many years to come. Even if this scheme is carried out at once, by either private or public aid in England, the difficulties, always incident to the introduction of a new staple in any country, will long prevent us from feeling inconveniences, on that score. It is one thing to demonstrate the practibility of a scheme on paper, and quite another thing to carry it out, in all its details, and amid a thousand unexpected difficulties. Thus, even if ultimately successful, the growth of cotton in the East will be slow and unproductive at first. Years, a generation even, might pass before it could compete—if it could compete at all—with the planters of our own country.

This subject is one of much importance, though, as we have said, its ultimate results are more to be regarded than its present effects. If the cultivation of cotton in the East is ever to affect our export in that article, we should begin to counteract this influence in time, and before it has grown into strength. We should crush the Hercules in his cradle.

We shall at some future occasion discuss this subject at length. At present, we only suggest it to our readers.

New Publications.

History of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.—This is a neat pamphlet, illustrated with maps, and published by order of the Board of Managers. It gives a clear and able history of this company, up to the present time. To all interested in the coal trade it is an invaluable document.

Familiar Letters to Henry Clay of Kentucky, describing a winter in the West Indies. By Joseph John Gurney, 1 vol.—Kimber & Sharpless, No. 50 N. Fourth street.—The author of this work is the celebrated Quaker preacher and philanthropist, the brother of the equally celebrated Mrs. Caroline Fry. He has just sailed from this country, after spending nearly two years in observing its manners, politics, and other subjects of note. Part of this time he spent in the West Indies, and the result of his observations are before us. The style is excellent, and the work contains some fine descriptions of the scenery of the Island, which evince high powers in the author. The talents, however, of Mr. Gurney are well known, and he has left this country with the highest reputation.

The Coliseum.

Our city is being beautified with numerous elegant structures, now in the progress of erection. Among them we notice particularly a large circular building, intended for the exhibition of dioramas. It is situated at the south eastern corner of George and Ninth sts. and facing the Philadelphia Museum directly opposite, and the Sansom St. Church in the immediate vicinity, presents altogether a fine effect.

Panama Canal.

A late Baltimore Clipper says, that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will soon be connected,—a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, now seems certain. An enterprising company in Paris, after taking the necessary preliminary steps, have sent out a ship freighted with engineers, laborers, tools &c. and it has probably by this time arrived at the mouth of the Chagres, ready to commence active operations. The estimate is, that there are about 2000 persons per annum, on an average, passing and repassing in connection with the western parts of South America.

Quite a Rascal.

A man, named Henry Skell, whom we mentioned was arrested some time ago in Boston, on a charge of stealing $1,000 worth of lace, is discovered to have been dealing a little in rascality in this city. The Boston Times says, "It seems that the lace was consigned to Myers and Claghorn, auctioneers of Philadelphia, under the name of Winthrop and Stone, a fictitious firm in this city. Sales of the lace were effected, and in payment of the proceeds, the auctioneers in Philadelphia sent a check from a house in that city upon Messrs. J. W. Clark & Co. of Boston, payable to the aforesaid Winthrop and Stone. Suspicion being excited that this check or draft was connected with the affair of the stolen lace, the matter was inquired into, and the suspicions were confirmed. Skell had been employed in a house in New York."

From Florida.

The Baltimore Sun says:—"We learn from Jacksonville, by late mails that on the 4th ult. two soldiers were killed by the Indians, near Fort White. On the 16th two dragoons, being the express from Pilatka to Fort King, were killed. On the 20th, two others belonging to the same corps, were killed about 18 miles from Micanopy. On the same morning the express rider, after having left Micanopy about a mile, saw two Indians standing in the road, but managed to elude discovery until he had passed them so far as to be beyond the reach of their rifles. They discharged, he supposes, about fifteen rifles at him after he had got beyond them. The report of the rifles, and yell of the Indians, was heard at Micanopy, and on repairing to the spot, signs of from 80 to 100 Indians were found. The two horses taken from the dragoons, near Fort Mellon, had been recovered.

The Arabian Ship.

The Arabian ship Sultanee, of the Imaum, left New York on Friday last. She cleared for Gibraltar and Muscat. Her cargo mostly all presents from our government to the Imaum—consisted of beads 9 cases, 6 bbls—muskets 300—guns 7 cases—scarlet cloth 24 pieces—refined sugar 58 bxs—prints 2 bbls—paper 20 reams—glassware 3 cases—pongees 1 bale—powder 300 kegs—plates and dishes 1 case—looking glasses 7 do—vases 2 do—clocks 3 bxs—shell music boxes 11—sheetings 127 bales—chandeliers 4—20 cases—crockery 43 pkgs—soap 59 bxs—sperm candles 33 do. Also, the splendid pleasure barge we have before spoken of.

The Kensington Riots—Convicted Rioters—Motion for a New Trial—Ground Assumed by their Counsel.

The Kensington Riots, for the last two weeks, have occupied public attention, almost to the exclusion of every thing else. Nor are we surprised at it. In the open day—within a populous district—in the very sight of the halls of justice, and notwithstanding the presence of a large force of the police, an obnoxious road was torn up by a mob, the county authorities maltreated and put to flight, and when night had partially hidden the offenders from sight, the house in which an unoffending citizen resided was plundered and fired, amid the shouts of the rioters, and the consternation of all good citizens.

We do not pretend to defend the Kensington rail-road, when we thus stigmatise the insulters of the public peace. The history of this work we gave at the outset during the very week when the riots occurred. It is unquestionably a nuisance in the eyes of its neighborhood. But it was both disgraceful and annarchial to attempt the remedying the evil by an appeal to brute force, making thus the innocent suffer with the guilty, and setting a fruitful precedent for riot, arson, and even bloodshed.

The two men, however, who were convicted on the day succeeding the disturbance, and whose seeming punishment was unquestionably of great moral benefit in suppressing the mob, have since been made the subject of a motion for a new trial in the Court of General Sessions. The gentlemen who act as counsel for the prisoners, being R. M. Lee, and D. P. Brown, Esqs.

The reasons urged by applicants are, in effect, that the defendants, being much bruised, on the day of trial were incapable of making a fit defence—that one of them, Ortman, did not understand English sufficiently to plead properly to the indictment—that the witnesses, subpoenaed for the defendants, were afraid to come into court least they should be charged as rioters, and bound over—that the jury who tried the defendants had been present at their commitment—that the excitement was naturally too great for an impartial trial, and that sufficient evidence exists to acquit the defendents, especially Ortman, who could be proved not to have participated in either the riot or arson. The validity of these grounds were in effect denied by the Attorney General. He contended moreover, that the court after sentence, had no power to revise its judgment. We annex below the progress of this exciting trial from day to day.

Court of General Sessions

The Court was occupied on Friday week in hearing the argument of Messrs. Lee and Brown, for a new trial for Jennings, one of the prisoners, sentenced to seven years, for being concerned in the Kensington riots.

Mr. Lee read several depositions, stating that the defendant was a quiet, peaceable and orderly man; he also read a deposition from the police officer who took him to prison, who stated that he did not think he was in his right mind. The Court, at the suggestion of C. Wallace Brooke, Esq. allowed witnesses to be heard on the part of the Commonwealth. Mr. Badger, the defendant's counsel on his trial, and two or three of the constables and tipstaves, were examined. They stated that he was tried two hours after his committal, and the defendant did not appear to be in much pain.

The reporter was present at the examination and trial of this man, and sat close to him. He appeared to be in great bodily pain the whole of the time. He had a frightful gash on his upper lip, which was cut through, his eyes were blackened, and his face and head were very much swelled. He had a handkerchief in his hand, which he applied to his mouth during the trial, to alleviate the pain.

On Saturday, R. M. Lee, Esq. resumed his argument for a new trial in the case of the rioters. Mr. Lee stated that this case had no parallel in the history of this country or any other, and that the trial was one that outraged nature. Judge Barton interrupted Mr. Lee, and said he should not allow such remarks, and that if they were repeated he should take notice of them. Mr. Lee said that if the Court desired it, he would take his seat. He then resumed, and said that it would be better that all Kensington should be razed to the ground than that such a precedent should be set to a country like this, governed by a constitution and laws. Mr. Lee stated that the indictment was made out before the commitment. The words on the commitment are, that they should be sentenced to solitary confinement and hard labor. Judge Conrad denied that it was so.

Mr. Lee then read the depositions in the case of Ortman. Thomas Holloway, his employer, deposed that Ortman was a man of good character, quiet, peaceable, and orderly. Samuel Holloway deposed to his good character and that from his imperfect knowledge of English he could not understand directions given to him. John Martz deposed that the prisoner could not speak English, and that he saw him on the night of the riot place a plank on a fire plug to prevent it catching fire. Joseph Haines deposed that he was with the prisoner on the night of the riot, and that he and the prisoner stood on the opposite side of the way, and seen some boys set fire to the house. Lewis Goehring deposed to the good character of the prisoner; seen him on the night of the riot standing opposite the house while it was burning. William Deaves deposed that he was subpoened on his trial but was afraid to speak for fear he should be put in the dock. One of the deponents stated that he was with the prisoner from [illegible] until the [illegible] fell in, and that he did not see him aiding the rioters.

The deputy Attorney General asked to be allowed to produce evidence on the part of the Commonwealth. Mr. Lee objected to it. The majority of the Court decided to hear the testimony on the part of the Commonwealth. Judge Doran dissented to this. Geo. Hoffner and John Moover, two of the tipstaffs, were then examined. Mr. Lee made a most able speech for the prisoners and contended that he had fully made out his case, and that the prisoners were entitled to a new trial. The Court adjourned until Monday morning.

The argument was resumed on Monday. The Deputy Attorney-General asked to be allowed to produce evidence on the part of the Commonwealth. Mr. Lee, on the part of the prisoners objected to it. The majority of the Court decided to hear it. Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Albright, Mr. [illegible], Mr. Keller, and Mr. Jackson, were then examined on the part of the Commonwealth. After hearing these witnesses, the Court adjourned until Tuesday morning. The Grand Jury came into Court during the morning, handed their presentment to the Court, and were discharged.

Messrs. Lee and Brown asked the Court to send for Ortman, and stated that it was his right to be present. Judge Doran wished the prisoner to be sent for. Judges Barton and Conrad would not agree to the prisoner being sent for, unless in the manner provided by law. Mr. Lee took out a writ of habeas corpus, and Ortman was then brought into Court.

Mr. Nute, Mr. Goehrin, Mr. Wagner, Mr. Stoll, and several other witnesses were examined on the part of the defence. Several of these witnesses testified that the prisoner, Ortman, was with them before the house was fired until the roof fell in, and that he neither threw stones or aided in any way in setting fire to the house. After hearing these witnesses, the Court adjourned until Wednesday morning.

The argument was resumed on Wednesday. Mr. Lee read several authorities, and afterwards argued that the defendants were entitled to a new trial. The Deputy Attorney-General followed and contended that the defendants were not entitled to a new trial. Mr. Brown then commenced his argument on behalf of the defendants. On Thursday morning the argument was concluded, when the Court adjourned until this morning.

Mr. Newell and Mr. Levis.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, a valuable cotemporary, of Tuesday, says:—"We learn in relation to Mr. Levis, the late Cashier of the Schuylkill Bank, that when Mr. Newell saw him in Paris, he left a deposition to afford all the information in his power, and also wished to make any reparation he could to those who had been injured. Mr. Newell went out as an agent of the Board. Levis, it appears, was frank and explicit in his answers to every question—and he is expected shortly to arrive in this city. He seemed to be overwhelmed with regret and sorrow at the position in which he was placed. It is right to add, that all the communications received from him, were under the sanctity of an oath."

Horrid Cruelty.

In Baltimore, says a cotemporary, on Saturday night a fellow, anxious to go to camp-meeting, took a fine blooded mare from a gentleman's stable, harnessed her up [illegible], and then beat and drove her until she ran, with all the velocity of her power, against a lamp-post, and giving forth the unearthly groans of the dying steed, fell upon the street a quivering, lifeless corpse. Her skull was fractured, and one of her eyes was burst from the socket. Those who witnessed the occurrence attempted to afford relief, but it was of no avail, and the noble animal died.

Suddenly Expired.

We learn from a late number of the New York Tattler, that the Hon. Ira Clark of Plattsburgh, one of the Judges of the Steuben County Court, died very suddenly last week. He was engaged in his hay field, apparently in perfect health, and until the moment of his death gave no indications of illness. On being called by his family to tea, he finished the swathe he was mowing, and then left his work, and while opening the gate to enter the yard in front of his house he fell and instantly expired. He was 46 years of age. His loss will be deeply felt by his family, by the neighborhood in which he lived, and by the public.

An Injunction.—An injunction has been served upon the Eastern Railroad Company in regard to the construction of the bridge across the Merrimac, on the application of the towns of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.

Effects of Temperance.

We are pleased to have it in our power to say that on a late occasion, the judges of the Court of General Sessions, put a proper value upon the importance of the great temperance movement which is now agitating the very elements of society. It was a case in which a very bad boy, an apprentice, who was in the habit of absenting himself from the house and work of his master, and running with fire engines, &c. and frequently returning home at unreasonable hours of the night in a state of intoxication, endeavored to palliate his conduct by showing that his master was once addicted, himself, to habits of drunkenness. Judge Doran laid "great stress upon the fact that the master had subscribed to a temperance pledge, remarking that until positive proof to the contrary was shown, he should look upon the production of such a pledge as evidence of a moral reformation, whatever might have been the previous character of the person whose signature was attached to it."

This was excellent, and we only regret that his Honor did not take the opportunity of severely commenting on the vicious practice indulged in by boys, of running to fires, where their services are of no value, and their presence a nuisance; half of them doing it for no other purpose than that of obtaining ardent spirits, or of pilfering any thing which they may be able conveniently to conceal, or carry away. We do sincerely wish that our firemen would scout from about them, and their engine houses, these precocious candidates for the penitentiary and the gibbet.

A Cruel Case.

The poor—is an old saying—are made to suffer in a variety of ways for their poverty. The public treat it, as it were indeed a crime, and not a misfortune, to be poor. A man by the name of Case, an honest and industrious artizan, with a wife and child, failed some time ago in business, having lost all that he originally possessed. He applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws and was opposed. Through his creditors he was afterward indicted as a fraudulent insolvent, and was committed to prison.

On Monday last a jury pronounced him innocent of the charge of fraud, but alas! it was too late to be of service to either the sufferer or his afflicted family. On Tuesday morning *he died*, after being unjustly incarcerated for nine months in a public prison, from the effects of confinement. His wife and child after struggling from day to day, and night after night for their subsistence—after beseeging with tears and entreaties, his creditors, until spurned from their thresholds, for the release of their protector—are now left destitute upon a wide world, abandoned to want, and privation of every character. What are we to think of the souls of those creditors? Can they boast the possession of that essential element of humanity? Or may we not conclude that they are brutes, which nature by some sad mistake, has gifted with the form, but not the gentler faculties, of men?

The N. E. Boundary.

We presume from late information that an accurate survey of the disputed territory will now take place, and that the N. E. Boundary line will be ascertained with such rigid precision, that we may fear no further mistake, or misapprehension, in treating with Great Britain upon the subject. This is the course that should have been adopted from the start. Much of the bickering, and latterness that have been developed by the two nations in their acts of correspondence, in the premises, might have thus been prevented, to say nothing of the war of words unnecessarily occasioned. The survey will be commenced forthwith. The Commission will divide itself into three parties; one to proceed from the head waters of either the Connecticut or Kennebec, north-easterly along the highlands; another to commence at the Bay of Chaleur, and proceed south westerly towards the first party; and the third party to start from the monument at Mars' Hill, and proceed northerly to the highlands, and also westerly along the highlands alleged to exist, and claimed by the British Government, to be the true treaty highlands.

To affect this purpose, Captain Talcott, of the United States Engineers, and Professor Renwick of Columbia College, left New York on Wednesday evening for the Northeastern Boundary.

A Tale of Guilt.

Two fellows, we learn from Baltimore paper—were arrested in Baltimore on Wednesday for peddling without a license. On examination, one turned out to be a woman—a Mrs. Ann Daniels, wife of a Mr. Daniels, of Fredericksburg, who had eloped from her husband with a Thomas Ward, a travelling mountebank. She was very pretty and stated that she was married at 14 years of age, and was now 22. Her husband had ill used her. She had a son 4 years of age with her, and had left another behind her. Her and her paramour, seemed desperately in love with each other. They were committed.

She is, says the Clipper, about 20 or 21 years of age—rather pretty—auburn hair—an arch look—blue eyes—winning smile—well formed, and apparently of a lively disposition. Ward is a gentlemanly looking man, well favored, and well spoken. He is a ventriloquist of some pretensions, and has exhibited in York, Pa. The boy, although not 5 years of age, is uncommonly intelligent, but pert and cunning to a degree that foiled every attempt to derive information from him. Several gentlemen attempted, but his answer was, "ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

Mrs. D. was detected by her voice and her attempt to sell her female apparel. When asked why she had left her husband, whom, it seems, is a wealthy man, owning two farms and sixty negroes, near Fredericksburg, she replied that she never could live happy with him, as he used to keep drunk all day, and beat her all night"—comfortable living, truly.

The elopement was planned and accomplished, and for five or six weeks the guilty lovers travelled from place to place, he giving exhibitions of his ventriloquial powers and she in her male attire passing as his brother. While on tours of sightseeing or at hotels, when seated at the table, for fear her voice might betray her, when questions were asked her, he made it a common practice to answer for her by throwing his voice in such a manner that persons near believed that she spoke. The last place Ward exhibited at was York, Pa. and on his arrival in this city his intention was to have taken the saloon of the Museum for a few nights.

Steamboat Explosion.

We learn by the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of last Thursday, that one of those unfortunate occurrences, hitherto almost unknown on the lakes, took place at half past 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, on board the Erie, Capt. Titus. When ascending the Detroit river, about three miles above Malden, the steam chimney—one letter we have, says, the steam [illegible] burst by which six persons were scalded. [illegible] belonged to the crew of the boat. Their names, as furnished by a correspondent are

Wm. Daly, fireman, slightly scalded.
Chas. Hamilton, [illegible], not dangerously.
Edward Erwin, deck hand, dangerously.
Timothy Buckley, do. do.

Andrew Looney, a resident of Fort Gratiot, badly scalded. James Coney, of Buffalo, deck passenger has a family here, also badly scalded. The Great Western, Captain Walker, coming down met the Erie soon after the accident, [illegible]. Captain W ran alongside, and having learned the nature of the accident, turned about and took the Erie in tow. A passenger on board the Great Western, informs us that the scalded men presented a horrible appearance. Part of their bodies looked like boiled meat, their faces increased by the soot of the pipe, their eyes scalded, their hair crisp and dry as if dead, and their mouths raw and bloody. All these injured were in the hold, and the pipe burst in such a way as to force the steam down upon them. One man had the presence of mind to throw himself instantly flat on the face, and the greater portion of the steam passed over him without doing essential injury. Another sprung up and jumped overboard—he was rescued, and found to be slightly scalded.

Mr. Baily, Sheriff of the Western [illegible], was sitting on the promenade deck in conversation with his niece. He heard the explosion, and exclaiming, "my God, Eliza, we are lost," attempted to throw her overboard. A person near by caught her by the arm, and Baily, in the ecstacy of his fear, jumped overboard himself. He sank before assistance could be rendered him. One of the scalded men Looney, died before our informant left the boat, and another was thought to be dying.

The highest praise is awarded Capt. Walker for his promptness and kindness. He towed the Erie up the river until he met the Milwaukie, which had been despatched from Detroit for the purpose of rendering assistance, and then reluctantly resumed his course so unhappily interrupted.

The Bay Case at New Orleans.—The grand jury found a bill, but the District Attorney immediately moved a nolle pros. which was granted, and the case thus turned out of court.

Yellow Fever.—Up to the 3d inst. there had occurred in New Orleans, in a week, but one case of yellow and one of malignant fever.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Great Western—Twenty-One Days Later.

By the arrival of the Great Western, we have news, twenty-one days later from England, having left Bristol on the afternoon of the 25th ult. There is rather more political news than usual. The difficulties between England and Naples had been adjusted. American Stocks are at length improving, and a better feeling generally is manifested, towards the monetary institutions of the United States. The late action of the Pennsylvania Legislature, has had a favorable effect, both in England and France.

An insurrection of some consequence had broken out in Syria, whilst in Persia, Ispahan was said to be in a state of revolt.

The civil war in Spain was finally at an end; Cabrera, the last of the Carlist Chiefs, had taken refuge in France.

Marshal Vallee has filled the Paris papers with a report of all his operations against Abdel Kader from the 5th of June to the 10th of July.

Prince Augustus of Saxe Cobourg, brother of the Dutchess of Nemours, it is said, is to marry the Princess Clementine, third daughter of Louis Philippe.

The Nelson column, about to be erected in Trafalgar Square, London, will be made of brass cannon, recovered from the wreck of the Royal George.

Thomas Dibdin, who is now in his seventieth year, is said to be lingering in the most griping penury in London.

Professor Espy has been delivering his lectures on the theory of storms at Liverpool; but, if we may judge from the papers, has met with a poor reception.

Levis, (late of the Schuylkill Bank) has not returned yet, he is said to have made important disclosures and communications.

Father Mathew, the great Temperance Reformer, is gaining thousands of new converts every day. The fees paid by those who subscribe to the pledge, are, one shilling sterling for a medal, sixpence to a clerk, sixpence for a flag, and one penny per week to a parish priest for the masses that are said over.

The London and Blackwell Railway has been opened to the public, and 67,154 persons were conveyed in eleven days in the passenger trains.

The enormous sum of £15,728 was taken on the Birmingham Railway in one week.

Eight thousand men are constantly employed on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, which great national undertaking when finished, will give a new impulse to Scotland.

The Duke of Wellington experienced an attack on the 15th ult. of a disease similar to those which on former occasions have troubled him. Dr. Aume, with Sir Henry Halford, and Sir Astley Cooper attended him, the former sleeping at the Apsley House. The Duke was so far recovered in a few days, as to be able to attend in the House of Lords, as usual.

The members of the Royal Agricultural Society of England held their annual dinner at Cambridge on the 15th ult. An immense pavilion was erected in the town of Downing College, and 2500 persons were present. Several Americans were invited to the dinner, and among the number was Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister, who delivered a speech appropriate to the occasion.

Colonel Thornton, who went to London for the purpose of negotiating a loan for the State of Illinois, of one million of dollars, met with no difficulty in immediately succeeding in the object of his mission, and has returned in the Great Western.

The new steamer President, which was to leave Liverpool on the first of this month, made an experimental trip to Cork and Dublin, and proved herself to be a first rate sea boat.

Trial of Oxford.

"The late attempt on the Queen's life is proved to have been the work of a poor insane youth, and wholly unconnected with any treasonable society, as at first anticipated. The trial of Oxford occupied several days, and an immense mass of evidence was adduced in support of his insanity. The jury returned a verdict to the effect of his being insane, and he will be confined in Bedlam for the remainder of his life. There exists very great doubt as to whether the pistols were loaded, and the fact of no bullet having been found causes a very general opinion in favor of such doubt."

A Regency Bill.

Lord Melbourne, on the 13th ult. announced a message from the Queen which the Lord Chancellor read to the Peers. "Victoria R. The uncertainty of human life, and the deep sense of duty to my people, render it incumbent on me to recommend to your consideration a contingency that may hereafter take place, and to make such provision as may in any event secure the exercise of the Royal authority. I shall be prepared to concur with you in such measures as may appear best calculated to maintain, unimpaired, the power and dignity of the Throne, and thereby to strengthen those securities that protect the rights and liberties of my people."

The bill was read a first time, and its second reading on the 20th ult. the Duke of Sussex made a long speech in explanation of his views on the subject. It is confidently expected that the bill will be carried through the two houses without any opposition.

It was ordered that the message be taken into consideration next day. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell appeared at the bar with the same message, which the Speaker read to the Commons. Lord John Russell said it was intended to introduce a bill into the other House of Parliament, founded on the message which had just been read. On the 16th ult. the Lord Chancellor introduced the Regency bill into the House of Lords. He explained that the object of it was to provide for the possible contingency of the succession of a minor to the Crown. It is proposed that his Royal Highness Prince Albert shall be sole Regent, with only three restrictions on the exercise of the royal prerogatives. These are, that the Royal assent shall not be given to any Act for altering the succession to the throne; for interfering with the uniformity of doctrine and discipline at present existing in the Established Church; or for diminishing the legal privileges of the Church of Scotland.

Lord Stanley's Irish Registration Bill has been postponed till the next session of Parliament.

Mr. Ewart's Punishment of Death Bill, which has called forth considerable discussion after having been slightly amended, was to come up for a third reading on the 6th ult.

The Canada Government Bill has met with strong opposition from the Duke of Wellington who gave eighteen reasons why he could not support it.

France.

The French Chambers were prorogued on the 15th ult. after a session commenced in much trouble, but terminated to the satisfaction of all, except the displaced Ministers and their adherents. The friends of M. Thiers loudly proclaim their admiration of his tact and success in the management of very difficult questions.

Sulphur Question.

In the Chamber of Peers, M. Thiers has stated that the mediation of France between England and Naples had been successful, and that on the previous day the difficulties were finally concluded, and the arrangement received the signatures of the English and Neapolitan Ambassadors. By the arrangement, which is in the form of a new treaty, the sulphur trade is declared free.

The Constitutionnel has announced, as from authority, that the commercial treaty between England and France is virtually concluded, and that the sole object of Mr. Porter's visit to London is to obtain the ratification of the modifications agreed to, as the Constitutionnel asserts, by the British Commissioners.

The indemnity to be paid by Naples to England is said to be fixed at 500,000 ducats, or about 130,000 pounds.

A Strange Affair.

A most extraordinary affair has lately been brought to light. The French journals are filled with reports of the trial of a Madame Laffarge, formerly Miss Cappelle, for stealing a valuable ornament of the hair studded with costly diamonds. It was stolen from Madame Laffarge's intimate friend, Madame Leotaud, and since the discovery of the jewels on Madame Laffarge's premises the latter has written a letter to her former friend, threatening, that if her evidence was not blunted or withdrawn, she would retaliate by accusing her of the worst crimes, and by revealing her amours, these disclosures resemble more a novel of Balzac's than a tale of real life. Madam Laffarge is grand daughter of Madam Genlis and Philip Egalite. The trial closed on the 15th ult. when a verdict was pronounced, and she was condemned to two year's imprisonment. She is to be again indicted for the murder of her husband, which, it is said, she effected by sending him a basket of poisoned cakes, as a pretended mark of affection. It was reported on the 24th ult. that Madame Laffarge had poisoned herself, but the report was [illegible].

Journey of Cabrera to Paris.

On the 19th inst. Cabrera arrived at the Hotel d'Or, in Limoges, accompanied by a Spaniard and two individuals of the gendarmerie. The fallen General appeared to be in very bad health, and could not move without being supported by two persons. It is said that he has received fourteen wounds, some of which are not yet healed. From Limoges Cabrera set off for Paris, under the custody of a commissaire de police, but in that capital he was not received by so kind a reception as at Limoges, for having alighted at the Hotel Saxe, Rue Jacob, he was refused admittance, and had to proceed to the Hotel d'Orleans.

Cabrera was the last of Don Carlos's chiefs, who abandoned his cause. Arivalo, Lucernas, Marraco, Palacios, Balmaseda, and others, had preceded him to France, or delivered themselves up to the general of the Queen. The latter was followed to Pau by 900 men, most of whom had belonged to the Valencian battalions, which were the terror of Huerta and Castile. Two French companies of the line escorting them into the interior of the country.

Cabrera left Paris on the 16th ult. for the Castle of Ham, which is to be his residence for some time.

The last of the Carlist chiefs, Tristany, has arrived in France with 1,500 men.

Switzerland.

The Helvetic Diet was opened at Zurich on the 6th ult. with the accustomed ceremony. The president, in his speech, adverted to the revolutionary movements which have lately occurred in several cantons, and exhorted the Diet to recommend moderation and conciliation on the part of the cantonal governments toward the people. He congratulated the States on the satisfactory relations that continued to be maintained with foreign powers, but, at the same time, recommended that especial attention should be devoted towards an augmentation and improvement of the military resources of the confederation. We learn from the Swiss journals that the Valais is now perfectly tranquil. Some slight excitement exists in the canton of Zurich, caused by the religious opinions of the inhabitants.

Spain.

At length, Navarre, Aragon, and all the territory on the right of the Ebro, are free from the faction that has for so long distracted them and the very people in whom it was supposed Don Carlos's claims found the greatest support, are now the most formidable opponents of his party. Without arms, and without the aid of any military force, the Basques and Aragonese have repelled or made prisoners such Carlists as presented themselves in their towns with the hope of deriving succor. This proves, beyond doubt, that they fought for themselves, and not for Don Carlos, and that the unmolested enjoyment of their ancient institutions is all they care for.

The East—Insurrection in Syria.

Accounts from Syria represent an insurrection against Mehemet Ali of a formidable character. A warlike people lying between Ibrahim Pacha and Egypt have risen in rebellion, and though differing among themselves in many respects, they have combined to shake off a yoke of despotism, the endurance of which was no longer possible.

The insurgents to the number of six thousand, approached Sidon; the commandant of that city gallantly made a sortie, but he was driven back with a loss of six hundred muskets. It is true that Ibrahim Pacha can draw supplies for his army from Alexandrette, a sea-port on the north of his present position; but it is equally certain that he dare not advance toward Constantinople while such a hostile force exist in his rear.

The country occupied by the insurgents resembles much, in its adaptation for defensive warfare, the Basque provinces; and, altogether, is declared to be a formidable combination of an oppressed and essentially warlike people.

Accounts from Constantinople of the 18th of June, states that the Schah of Persia had arrested several hundred persons at Ispahan; but the Gazette of Carlsruhe goes further, and says that letters have been received to the 19th of June from Constantinople, stating that a revolution had broken out at Ispahan, and that the presence of the Schah could not put it down. His brothers were not in safety in any part of the province, and his eldest brother was obliged to fly to Teheran.

Constantinople, July 1.—The Porte has declared that it will not take any part in the measures of coercion to be employed by the English against Mehemet Ali. Sami Bey is said to be on the most intimate terms with the Sultana mother.

From Mexico.

News from Vera Cruz and Mexico to the 15th ult. state that Mexican authorities had taken between fifty and sixty American and British seamen, who were found about the coast of California, and had conveyed them as prisoners to a place which he calls Tippie, (probably Tepic or Tepeaka.) The affair was undergoing an investigation under the superintendence of the American and British consuls.

Interesting from Vera Cruz.

We learn from the New York papers that the bark Una, from Vera Cruz, July 6th, arrived brings 48,742 dollars in specie. Among the passengers in the Una are Don Pedro F. del Castello, Joaquin V. de Leon, and Lucas Palacio, Mexican Commissioners, appointed under the late treaty with the United States. They are to meet the American Commissioners at Washington, and there proceed to an adjustment of the claims pending between the two countries, whether of American citizens upon the Government of Mexico, or of Mexican citizens upon the Government of the United States. So far as the Commissioners of the two countries agree, in regard to the validity of said claims, their decision is to be final. In case of disagreement on any particular claims, such claims are to be referred to the Prussian minister as umpire, whose decision the two governments have mutually agreed to abide by. John Coffin Jones, Esq. late U. S. Consul at the Sandwich Islands, has also arrived in the Una.

The forty-seven persons represented as citizens of the United States, who had been sent from Upper California to Tepic, near San Blas, in irons, had, on the intervention of the American and British Consuls, been liberated on parole, at Tepic. Part of the prisoners, it is said, are Englishmen, and among them are some seamen and some settlers.

The cause of their arrest was an alledged attempt to take possession of California, that beautiful and fertile country, which the New Orleans's have justly styled the Paradise of America. The Governor, Juan Bautista Alvarado, being informed of it, made a descent upon fifty foreigners convened at that place, one of whom was killed. The rest, being well secured, were placed on board the barque Guipuzcoana, guarded by 25 men, which vessel arrived at San Blas on the 19th of May.

Capt. Clifford gives the following different account of the arrest of these English and American residents on the coast of California.

He states that on the 7th April, they were all seized without any previous notice, and thrown into prison, no one could tell for what causes. After an examination, of which nothing was made public, the Governor chartered a vessel called the Guipuzcoa, which finally left Santa Barbara, on the 7th May, for San Blas, with forty-six prisoners on board, half of which number were English, the remaining half citizens of the United States.

These miserable sufferers, loaded with irons, worn down by the cruelty they had received, and expecting many of them, to sink under the weight of their accumulated miseries, were crowded like condemned felons into the hold of the vessel, where, to add to their sufferings, they were inhumanly deprived both of light and air.

The Guipuzcoa was eleven days on her passage to San Blass, during which time the prisoners endured every cruelty, and suffered every abuse which the brutal feelings of their persecutors could invent. Arrived at San Blass, they were, with as little delay as possible, landed and immediately forced to commence their march to Tepic, a distance of sixty miles, which they performed in two days, over a mountainous road with the thermometer standing at 90, having no place whereon to rest their weary bodies but the hard stones, and no food to supply exhausted nature save a scanty morsel, provided by the hand of charity.

During the march, which was laborious enough to exhaust the stoutest frame, the prisoners were urged onward by lashes inflicted upon their naked bodies, and one, who sunk under fatigue, was barbarously beaten with the butt end of a musket, to renovate his strength and arouse his drooping spirits.

Arrived at Tepic, the situation of the prisoners was soon ameliorated, by the energetic and humane exertions of the British and American Consuls at that place, for it was found on investigation that the officers who had come from California in charge of the prisoners, had no documents of any nature to show the cause of the violent proceedings of the Governor, or any proof of charges against the prisoners. Consequently, by orders of the military commander, the irons were taken from their limbs, and by direction of the Consuls comfortable quarters and wholesome food were provided for them without delay.

The military gentlemen, whose brutality had excited the indignation even of the authorities of Tepic, to their utter consternation were compelled to march to the quartel, where they found themselves placed under charge of a strong guard, with the privilege of occasionally peeping through the grates.

A circumstantial account of the history of the outrage and the sufferings of the prisoners had been forwarded by the consuls to the British and American ministers resident in Mexico, both of whom had warmly entered into the cause, and had demanded a full explanation from the supreme government, and satisfaction for the injuries which their countrymen were compelled to suffer.

Official accounts of this infamous transaction have been forwarded to the British and American Governments, by their respective ministers at the city of Mexico. The U. States ship St. Louis touched at Mazatlan soon after the arrival of the prisoners, and sailed immediately for Upper California, to look after the interests of the Americans remaining there. The motive of the Governor in planning so base a measure, is supposed to have been to prevent any effort from being made to supersede him. His previous conduct is said to have been extremely oppressive and revolting.

From Panama.—Letters from Panama represent the city in a distressed condition, politically, pecuniarily and otherwise. For months there has been no money in the treasury of the Republic, and hence even the officers of the government are so straightened in circumstances, that reduced to want, they are disposing of their places with all imaginable speed. The small pox is very bad in the city of Panama, and to add to the trouble, the political excitement is great and increasing. Pasto remains in a state of insurrection, and is likely to be convulsed for some time with movements of the same character.

Latest from Texas.—The steam packet Columbia, at New Orleans from Texas, brings Galveston dates to the 22d ult. The papers speak of a skirmish with the Indians. Captain Clendenin surprised a party, who in making their escape, left some specie and their camp equippage in the hands of the whites.

The preparations for the protection of the frontier were on an extensive scale. Colonel Carnes was raising one thousand men to march upon the Rio Grande. A great number of Texans have joined the Federalists. The are stationed at San Patricio, and represented to be fifteen hundred strong. With this force it is thought they may march on Matamoras, where the co-operation of the Texan navy may enable them to accomplish something of importance. From the movements of the army and fleet of Texas, there seems a probability that a blow at Matamoras is meditated.

The Texas Boundary Question.—The Picayune says: By the Houston Morning Star, we learn that the Commissioners appointed to survey the Eastern Boundary of the Republic, have suspended their labors on account of the advance of the warm season. They have, however, established the point where the 32d degree of N. latitude touches the Sabine. Agreeably to their observations, this point is east of the station previously designated, and will probably leave to Texas a whole line of townships which have heretofore been considered as the territory of the U. States.

Carrier Pigeons.—Capt. Jones, of the ship Flavius, of N. York, who arrived at Newcastle, Eng. June 6th, from Antwerp, reported that on the 2d, at noon, in lat 52 10, N. lon. 3 25, E. a pigeon alighted on board, which was found to be a bearer of despatches from Paris dated May 31, and also news from Spain, being a distance of 250 miles. The pigeon was probably exhausted during its flight, as it allowed itself to be easily caught on board the Flavius.

Bunker Hill Monument.—The Boston Statesman remarks—"It is said that one of our wealthiest ladies handed to the Boston Committee on the Bunker Hill Monument Fair, *Five Hundred Dollars* to purchase materials. That's just like old Tri-Mount—ever ready to go ahead in good works, whether started by the lords, or t'other side.

Foreign Varieties.

Language of the London "Whips."—The following is a touch of the "intimidation" practised by a London whip to ensure a load at the expense of his neighbor:—"If you goes by that 'ere weehicle, sir, you may just as well call for your nite-cap and git tucked in comfortable for all day. Vy them ones aint got no stammy-ner; the fust time as they heers the crack o' the vip they'll go to prares." "Never you mind vot he ses, sir,—he's a vig and socier-list,—ve calls him po-litical Tommy; afore he went to court he never druv nuffin but a donky!"

A Loan.—Taylor, one calling himself a Lord, has been convicted of bigamy at the Durham Sessions. This fellow, a coarse, illiterate, impudent rogue of nineteen or twenty, had persuaded six women, in different parts of England, to become his wives, by pretending to be a Lord and producing a document which he called a will, leaving him about a million sterling in money, with land and houses. He professed to be very pious, and generally chose his wives from the Methodists or Baptists. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Incredible Number of Suicides.—An English paper speaking of the Surrey Canal, near the arch of the London and Greenwich Railway remarks, "It is a most melancholy fact that, since the formation of the above canal, upwards of 2,000 bodies have been taken out of it." The last suicide by drowning in it was that of an elegantly dressed lady, about 20 years of age. She lately threw herself in, before two laboring men, who endeavored to save her, but did not succeed.

Six Jews Murdered.—A letter from Alexandria Egypt, published in a Toulon paper, says that six Jews going to Damascus had fallen into the hands of the revolted Syrians, (who are principally Christians,) and had been massacred in revenge for the alleged murder of Father Thomas. The revolters, moreover, threatened to murder all Jews in Damascus, if they took the city.

The Value of Notoriety.—It is asserted, in a letter from Naples, that the notorious brigand Gasparone, who, with his own hand, killed no fewer than forty-three persons, but is now confined in the prison of Civita Vecchia, has sold the knife which he has carried with him throughout his predatory life, to an English gentleman, for eighty-five Napoleons, and his hat, for fifty Napoleons, to a French tourist.

Too Old.—The horse which the Prince of Orange rode at the battle of Waterloo, says some paper, died not long since at the great age of 82 years and seven months.

If so, he must have been over 50 years old at the date of said battle. A smart horse that. Common horses are superannuated at 20.

A Monstrous Family.—There is now living near Canterbury, England, a man whose name is James Port, who has thirty-one sons and daughters, by two wives, viz: thirteen by the first, and eighteen by the latter; is grandfather to forty-nine, and great-grandfather to eight, making the number of his family eighty-eight all born in wedlock.

No Taste for the Fine Arts.—An English paper says that a "gentleman of the fancy," that is, a professed pugilist or prize-fighter, lately visited this country, in hopes of driving a brisk business—but he received so little encouragement, he returned in disgust, declaring that the Yankees had no taste for the *fine arts!*

Tea in India.—We have been shown a letter from Liverpool, received by a gentleman of this city, which says,—"The project for raising tea in the English possessions in India, is to be proceeded upon immediately, and there is no doubt whatever of its success."

Sold.—The great Nassau Balloon, in which Mr. Green, made several successful ascensions, was recently brought to the hammer, for account of the estate of the bankrupt owners, who were proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and was purchased by Mr. Green for five hundred pounds.

Mutton from Cowes.—There is one remarkable feature in the Isle of Wight, England, not generally known, which is, that any person who visits there may obtain *mutton from Cowes.*

To Jail.—Dunn, the Irish barrister who has so long persecuted Miss Burdett Coutts with his attentions, has at last been sent to jail in default of giving security for his good behaviour toward that wealthy lady.

Fatal Sting.—A woman in Normandy has died of the sting of a fly, after four days' suffering. It produced the disease called the charbon.

Sugar.—The London coffee and eating houses consume from 1600 to 1700 tons of sugar annually.

Petrarch's Works.—Thomas Campbell, the poet, is translating the works of Petrarch.

City News.

Coroner's Inquest.—On Thursday afternoon, the Coroner held an inquest at Bridesburg, on the body of a man found drowned in the Delaware, near Bridesburg, name unknown. It appeared that the deceased was one of the crew of a coal boat from Mauch Chunk. That the boat was being towed down the river by the steamer Hudson, when by a sudden movement of the steamer, the deceased was thrown into the water and drowned. Verdict, "accidentally drowned."

Economical Fire Insurance.—The Columbia Fire Insurance Company of this city propose to the public a plan of a mutual assurance in the form of a joint stock company. Stockholders will be insured at one half the usual premium—each giving a bond for the amount of five years insurance. The capital may be increased to 500,000 dollars, in shares of $100 each, 10 per cent. to be paid on subscription. The following is an illustration of their plan.

At 25 cents a year per $100 on $1000 is	$ 2 50
Insurance for 5 years paid annually,	12 50
To stockholders 12 1-2 cts. per $100 on $1000, is	1 25
Insurance for 5 years, paid annually,	6 25
Saved which may be saved in 5 years,	6 25

With whatever profits by dividend may accrue in addition. The office is at No. 72 S. Third street.

Horrid Effects of Rum.—Two children, one about two and the other four years old, named Carney, were discovered on Thursday in an upper room of a house in Shippen street, above Seventh, Moyamensing, completely stupified from the effects of rum that had been given them by their parents, both of whom were also discovered in the room mentioned above, in a state of beastly intoxication. Doct. Duffee was immediately called to the children, and in the afternoon they were so far revived as to give hopes of their recovery. The parents and children had all just been discharged from the Alms house.

Daring Larceny.—A colored boy named Israel Brindley, was robbed on Friday morning of his hat and a half dollar in specie, by another colored boy, who snatched the articles out of his hand and ran off with them. The robbery took place on one of the wharves in Southwark. A warrant was obtained at the office of Ald. Sanders for the daring thief, and constables McCloskey and Magnnus sent in pursuit of him.

Doing Well.—The little boy mentioned in last week's paper as having been bitten so shockingly in the arm, is doing well. The statement that he was the son of a Mr. Knight, was incorrect. He is the son of James H. McKnight, who resides on the Ridge Road about two miles beyond the Girard College. Several of the most eminent medical gentlemen in the city have attended the little sufferer, who has borne the accident most manfully.

Coroner's Inquest.—On Tuesday morning Alderman Brazier in the absence of the coroner, held an inquest at the house of William Nolen, corner of Fifth and Queen streets, upon the body of an infant aged eight months named Thomas J. Molineaux. Verdict of the jury—"Death from disease of the bowels."

Planet Reader.—On Saturday afternoon a colored man named Haul Britten, was brought before Ald. McLean, of Moyamensing, charged with extorting money, and telling fortune. The Alderman held him to bail in the sum of $500 to answer the charge at the General Sessions.

Sabbath Breakers.—A man named Maddan and his wife were brought before Alderman Mitchell on Monday, and fined $4 and costs for selling oranges at foot of Market street, on the Sabbath, contrary to ordinance.

Business.—There has been quite a revival of business within the last few days. The transportation lines to New York have all discovered a considerable increase in the amount of their freight.

Porpoises.—Two porpoises were seen on Sunday afternoon in White Sheet Bay, about 13 miles above Philadelphia. Their course was onward and upward.

The Coal Trade.—The Schuylkill coal trade for the week ending on Thursday last amounted to 14,725 tons; per last report 181,822; total this season 196,547.

On the Mount Carbon railroad 2743 tons were transported during the week ending on Thursday last—total this season 38,866.

On the West Branch railroad 6603 tons were transported—total this season 80,643.

On the Mill Creek railroad 19,888 tons were transported up to Wednesday last.

On the Schuylkill Valley railroad 25,717 tons have been transported this season.

The Delaware and Hudson coal trade for the season, amounts to 68,910.

The Little Schuylkill coal trade up to the 3th ult. amounted to 5136 tons.

Examination.—On Wednesday, a young man named Thomas J. Walker, was brought before the Mayor on suspicion of being concerned in robbing a boarder of one of the hotels at Pittsburg of $2,007 in notes and specie. He had changed at a broker's in this city a $1,000 bill of the Manhattan Banking Company of New York, which answers the description of one of the notes stolen. He was remanded for a further hearing.

Target Firing.—On Monday the Hibernia Greens, under the command of Captain Elsegood, proceeded to Wilmington, to practice ball firing. The prizes were three handsome silver medals. The first medal was one by Sergeant George Jackson, the second medal by Private Dougherty, and the third medal by Sergeant McFillin. The company afterwards dined at the Indian King Tavern, Squire Elliot's, and spent a very happy evening.

Coroner's Inquest.—On Saturday morning, the Coroner held an inquest at Catharine street wharf, on the body of a man found dead on the wharf. From the evidence before the jury, it appeared that the deceased died from the effects of burns on his hands and feet, and from exposure. He appeared to be about 50 years of age. Verdict in accordance with the facts. The body remained in the Green House for a day for recognition.

Robbing Her Employer.—On Tuesday a colored woman named Lydia Pearce, was brought before Alderman Hoffner of Moyamensing, charged with robbing her employer, a Mrs. Jackson, of a $5 note. The Alderman after a hearing, fully committed her to answer at the next General Session. The money was traced by an officer to a second hand clothing store, where she had spent it, and recovered.

Moyamensing Prison.—There were confined in the Moyamensing on the 1st inst. 193 convicts, 38 of whom were females. There were of vagrants and untried prisoners, 176 males, and 155 females. The unusually large number of 630 were committed during the month of July alone. The prison never was fuller than at present since its erection.

Our Steamships to Europe.—We are pleased to learn that active operations are in progress for the furtherance of the plan of a steam packet line to run regularly between this city and Liverpool. The Inquirer says that the matter begins to assume a tangible form, and seems destined to be crowned with success. Better late, than never.

"Burning."—A man named Carnes, who had just arrived from Baltimore, was robbed on Wednesday evening, at a house in Plumb street, Southwark, into which he had been decoyed, of $50 in notes. The money was snatched out of his hand by the thief who effected his escape with the plunder.

Gross Assault.—On Thursday a man named William Vanderslice, was brought before Alderman Mitchel, charged with beating and kicking his wife Eliza Vanderslice. Upon his promising to leave the city, his wife stated that she did not wish to proceed against him, the Alderman, however, bound him over in the sum of $500 to keep the peace.

Mutiny.—A mutiny occurred on Saturday at New Castle, among the crew of the brig Madrid of this port, bound to Kingston Jamaica. Four of the mutineers were captured, put in irons, and sent to prison. The others affected their escape in a boat, and it is thought, are now in this city.

The Meteors.—The sky on Sunday and Monday night, agreeably to expectation, made a beautiful display of the meteoric phenomena. They appeared to be shooting about in all directions, much to the consternation of the uninformed, and to the admiration of those who freed from apprehension, could revel in their marvellous beauty.

Cruelty to their Wives.—A colored man named John Henry, and a German named Frederick Bonet, were both committed by Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, on Saturday for cruelty to their wives. Bozert was caught in the act of dragging his wife out upon the pavement by the hair of her head, and attempting to beat her brains out.

Declined the Honor.—The Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city, has declined accepting the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, as conferred upon him by the Board of Union College, at the recent anniversary of that institution. He had conscientious scruples upon the subject.

Killed.—A Mr. Davis while on his way to attend the Whig meeting at Chester, on Thursday, was thrown from a vehicle and received a frightful fracture of the head, which resulted in his death a few minutes afterward.

Enterprise.—The Union Transportation Company are pulling down their old and antiquated office at the foot of Chesnut street, and will erect forthwith a splendid building in its stead. This will do much to the appearance of that side of the street.

A Good Choice.—The Rev. Y. L. Burrows, of Kentucky, who has been recently preaching in the Baptist church in Sansom street, has been invited to take charge of it. He is much esteemed as a Christian, a scholar, and an orator.

Accident.—A colored man, named Andrew Metter, was brought to the Hospital on Saturday morning, having had the flesh dreadfully torn from one of his arms, by coming in contact with one of the wheels of a Railroad car in Broad street, near Vine.

A Pretty Toy.—We forgot to notice the beautiful miniature locomotive, made by Mr. Norris, of this city, for a present to the Emperor of Russia. It was exhibited at the Exchange on Thursday. It weighs but 66 pounds, and has drawn 456 pounds on a circular railway of 7 1-2 feet diameter.

A Counterfeiter at Large.—On Monday morning a man named James Cunningham, passed at the tailor shop of Daniel H. Rockhill, No. 207 North Second street, a Delaware note altered from a smaller denomination to that of $20. He is still at large.

Nuisances.—True bills have been returned by the Grand Jury of the present term of General Sessions against several different individuals male and female, residing in the neighborhood of 4th and Shippen streets, Southwark, for nuisances.

The Name.—The United States, it is said, is to be the name of the great steamer, which is to ply between this city and some port in Europe. She is to be commanded by a distinguished officer of the Navy.

Coroner's Inquest.—On Wednesday, the Coroner held an inquest in Small St. above 7th, on the body of a colored infant six weeks old. It appeared that the mother of the child died in childbed. Verdict—died from neglect, and want of sufficient nourishment.

Portrait of Rev. Mr. Newton.—A good likeness of the Rev. Mr. Newton has just been completed by Mr. Dodson the artist of our city. The Philadelphia Gazette eulogizes it as particularly faithful.

Emigrants.—The packet ship Virginian, arrived on Tuesday with 191 Welsh emigrants. The Algonquin is below, and has on board a number of emigrants from Liverpool.

Foreign News.—Five steam ships are now on their way for this country from Europe. We may therefore expect a flood of foreign news 20 or 30 days later.

Culpable Carelessness.—Last Monday two young fellows in N. York went out for the purpose of firing at a musket or rifle. They fired one shot, which went through the side of a frame house, about 100 hundred feet distant from where the boys stood. The ball after entering the house, passed through the panel of a door, whizzed past the head of a Mrs. [illegible] and lodged in the mantle piece. It's a wonder the ball did not kill her, the careless rascals.

Death from Hydrophobia.—The Buffalo [illegible] states that Mr. Moses Emery, of Aurora, a strong and healthy man, about thirty years of age, died on Saturday evening, the 5d inst. having suffered the last previous days the most excruciating agony. His sufferings and contortions were so great that at times it required four men to hold him. It was supposed to be a case of hydrophobia.

Gored by a Cow.—Mr. John Lee, of Cross Creek township, Washington county, was gored by a cow a few days since, in so shocking a manner as to cause his life to be despaired of. The horn of the animal perforated his side, breaking several of his ribs and penetrating to his vitals.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum. $2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names in initials.

Letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of post, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Financial Record.

COUNTERFEITS ABROAD.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that counterfeit certificates of deposite on the Bank of Hamilton have made their appearance.

Counterfeit twenty dollar bills on the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, well calculated to deceive, have been put in circulation, dated January 1, 1840, payable to H. Baldwin; letter A. Signatures well done; word Cincinnati a little crowded. The Bank has no issue of that date.

ALTERED NOTES.—One Dollar Notes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, altered to "Fives" are in circulation. They may be easily detected by observing that the figure one in the lower corner, right hand end, is changed into a V, which looks like a Y; also in the vignette.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—We learn by the N. Orleans Courier that H. C. Lemon and six or seven accomplices were arrested, and committed to jail, for having counterfeited $10 and $20 notes of the Carrollton bank. A sum, amounting to about $700,000, in these notes, with the plates for forging more, were found in a house in Frenchmen street, third municipality.

MORE COUNTERFEITS.—Counterfeit Ten Dollar Notes of the Lafayette Bank of Cincinnati are in circulation. The paper is thin, light-colored, and greasy; vignette, an eagle with extended wings. Left side, a Cupid astride of a lion. Letter B, purporting to be engraved by Woodruff and Hammond.

A PROFITABLE RAILROAD.—The income of the South Carolina Railroad Company for the half year ending 30th June, was $222,295 46, the expenses for the same time, including all improvements in road, machinery and buildings, and the interest on loans, were $152,281 80—leaving a nett profit of $71,651 56.

TROUBLE AMONG THE BROKERS.—The Cincinnati Gazette of Thursday last says:—"Eleven brokers of the city have been convicted of acting as officers of banks not incorporated by law, and fined a thousand dollars a piece. Their real offence is issuing the tom-tom currency that floods our city—as to which we may take occasion to speak more at large hereafter."

NEW AMERICAN COIN.—The U. S. Mint, in this city, is engaged in coining a new American dollar, some of which are out, but soon will be, put into circulation. The new coin is of a smaller diameter, and consequently, more convenient than the Spanish coin, and is altogether better executed.

THE DEAD REVIVED.—The Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad Bank has been resuscitated, and its bills are now redeemed, at Buffalo, at the same rates as other solvent Michigan Banks.

AUCTION SALES OF STOCK.—Willis Hall, Esq. Attorney General of New York, has given an opinion that stocks come under the denomination of "effects," and hence are subject to the State duty of 1 1-2 per cent when sold at auction.

Political Intelligence.

From the Hartford Courant.

Votes for President and Vice-President.

[illegible]	John Adams	Thomas Pinckney
	Thomas Jefferson	Aaron Burr
	Thomas Jefferson	Aaron Burr
	John Adams	C. C. Pinckney
	Thomas Jefferson	George Clinton
	Chas. C. Pinckney	Rufus King
	James Madison	George Clinton
	Chas. C. Pinckney	Rufus King
	James Madison	Elbridge Gerry
	De Witt Clinton	Ingersoll
	James Monroe	Daniel D. Tompkins
	Rufus King	Opposition scattering
	James Monroe	Daniel D. Tompkins
	Opposition vote	Opposition divided
	Andrew Jackson	John C. Calhoun
	John Quincy Adams	Five others
	William H. Crawford	[illegible]
	Henry Clay	[illegible]
	Andrew Jackson	John C. Calhoun
	John Quincy Adams	Richard Rush
	Andrew Jackson	Martin Van Buren
	Henry Clay	John Sergeant
	John Floyd	William Wilkins
	William Wirt	[illegible]
	Martin Van Buren	Richard M. Johnson
	Wm. H. Harrison	Francis Granger
	Hugh L. White	Scattering
	Willie P. Mangum	
	Daniel Webster	

ALABAMA.—From the Mobile Advertiser and Chronicle of August 4th, we learn that the Whigs of that city have elected their four candidates to the Legislature and their Sheriff.

The mail failed beyond Augusta, so that we are without further positive returns. A letter published in the National Intelligencer of yesterday, from Alabama, under date of the 6th inst. states that in 18 counties the Whigs have made a gain of 12 Representatives, equal to 26 in a joint ballot vote. The names of the counties are not given. The election in Alabama is only for members of the Legislature.

INDIANA.—Fifty nine counties heard from give a Whig majority of 3284. In 1836 the Whig majority in the same counties was 8430, making a gain over that vote of 214. In the State Senate parties now stand, as far as heard from, 14 Whigs and 1 Democrat; last year 6 Whig and 2 Democrats. In the House 53 Whigs and 9 Democrats; last year, 24 Whigs and 32 Democrats. In the Congressional district, late Mr. Howard's, the returns still go to show that the Whig candidate, Mr. Lane, has succeeded.

KENTUCKY.—The returns from this State are very incomplete, up to the present dates. Those which are accredited we give below.

The complete majority in the city of Louisville for Letcher, Whig, is 1120. The returns from 36 counties give Letcher 18,023. French, Democrat, 9221—Whig majority 8807. Part of these are the estimated returns of the first and second days. The majorities, so far as heard from, are in favor of the Whigs.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Fourteen counties—viz: those of Edgecomb, Pitt, Franklin, Granville, Warren, Nash, Washington, Beaufort, Halifax, Northampton, Johnston, Wayne, Person, and Camden, give a majority of 1684 for the administration.

In Currituck, Saunders, Dem. has a reported majority of 200. The vote in 1839 stood in this county, Whig, 114. Dem. 557. Complete returns from Craven county give Morehead 671, Saunders 642. In 1839, the Whig vote was 618, Dem. 867. The Whig candidate for Senate lost his election by 18 votes. The Whigs have elected two of the three delegates sent to the lower house.

ILLINOIS.—The election is for members of the Legislature. Last year the Senate stood 20 to 20; the House was also about equally divided. The whole number of members of the House is 91. Carlin, the present Governor, was elected by a majority of 888 votes out of a total of 69,146. The only returns from this State that we have heard of, are from Cook and Kane counties. In the former the Democratic ticket has succeeded, except for Sheriff; in the latter the Whig ticket, by about 100 majority. At the gubernatorial election in 1838, Cook county gave a Van Buren majority of 832 and Kane 168.

MISSOURI.—The first day the votes polled in St. Louis were 723 for Clark, Whig, and 429 for Reynolds, Dem.

TENNESSEE.—The election in Tennessee took place on Thursday last, the 6th inst. There has not yet been time for returns to reach us.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—Phillip Schuyler, of New York, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Liverpool, in the place of Francis B. Ogden, resigned; his commission to take effect from the 15th of October next.

General News.

GREAT STORM AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On the 30th ult. a fierce storm raged in the vicinity of Ebensburg, Cambria county, in this state, which raged for some time with great violence, prostrating trees, fences, &c. but did no serious damage to buildings. Eight miles east of that place, near the turnpike, the dwelling of Mr. Daniel Downey was torn from its foundation, and himself and three of his children crushed beneath the ruins. A neighbor, who witnessed the prostration of the building, obtained assistance immediately. The three children were found lifeless amid the ruins, and their unfortunate parent so much injured that he only survived them a few hours. His wife, who was in the house when it fell, escaped without much injury.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The Boston Times published the following communication, and adds that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make head or tail of it:

"Miss'd her Head! Eat her. Hit is knot. True that eye struck Miss Tear PatHerson. E wauz 2 phur gawne. Has Miss Tergill in the morning Postend! Test eye fy!—Ps-hamme on the purse own woo wood due N. Y. thinks to hinge your me or Miss Tergill. Miss'd her. Why Hand Nose the Sir. Come stanzas—that is 2 say he nosed it haul.

Ewers Wil-
Emy Ware ... yum Potts
in Hay Horn.
Post Riff'n.

Some thinks as bean ced about Nu Shuz—Yung Gin Nings new haul the aff haurs.
Yures W. Y. P."

We translate it for the benefit of our readers. It reads "Mr. Editor, it is not true that I struck Mr. Patterson. He was too far gone, as Mr. Gill in the Morning Post could testify. Shame on the person who could do any thing to injure me or Mr. Gill! Mr. Y. Hand, knows the circumstances—that is to say he knows it all. Yours William Potts. Postscript something has been said about new shoes. Young Jennings knew all the affairs. Yours."

TO ALL WHO USE HORSES.—We publish the following as a very useful hint at this season, and one that should be acted upon by the humane.

"*To prevent horses being teazed by flies.*—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water, let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, let it boil for a quarter of an hour—when cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable, be smeared over with the liquid, viz. between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months."

SHOCKING CRIME.—A negro fellow named Monday, the property of Mr. Doyse, of Savannah, was tried on the 29th ult. before the Inferior Court, for committing the highest offence, short of murder, on the person of his own mistress. He perpetrated the act under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which are, of course, unfit for the public eye. The jury retired for only ten minutes, and found the man guilty. He was sentenced to be hung on the 21st August.

WOODEN LEGS.—The Baltimore Sun warns its readers against a swindler with a wooden leg, who is practising in that city. The Tattler says, with such a feature to trace him by, one would think that a man would prefer to be honest. Now we think a wooden leg is a valuable appendage to a scapegrace; for if detected in his dirty tricks, how easy is it, for him to "amputate timber," i. e. cut stick!

ANOTHER GONE.—Thomas Belton, for many years a resident of the township of Livingston, N. J., died on Monday, at his residence. He is commonly reputed to have reached the advanced age of 109 years. He served six years in the army of the Revolution and has, we understand, enjoyed the benefit of the pension law. Mr. B. leaves a daughter quite an aged woman.

A DUEL.—On Tuesday a duel was fought near Baltimore, in which the Honorable Francis Thomas was killed, and Mr. Price, of Hagerstown, badly, if not mortally, wounded. We are sick of these disgraceful exhibitions of the worst passions of our nature, and are not disposed to add anything to the relief expected to be gained by those engaged in them.

SUICIDE FROM RUM.—We are called upon daily to record instances of persons committing suicide from intemperance. On Saturday week, James Lewis, a citizen of Petersburg, Va. cut his throat with a carving knife. It is said that the dreadful deed was committed by him while he was laboring under a fit of insanity, produced by excessive drinking.

FIREMEN'S PARADE.—Twenty two Fire Companies belonging to Troy and the neighboring towns assembled and had a grand parade on Tuesday. The procession was over a mile in length, and was enlivened by four bands of music. The whole number of firemen present was 250, consisting of the finest young men of the county.

POETICAL FEET.—Some people have no idea of measure, and write verses that read as if made to go upon crutches. The St. Louis Pennant comments on these short and long line writers with the following quotation:

Wasn't Pharaoh a rascal
Because he wouldn't let the children of Israel go a forty days journey into the wilderness to eat a little piece of the Paschal?

ACCIDENT.—A lad of 12 or 14 years of age, the son of Mr. Elisha Cunnison of Boston, fell from the balcony in front of the Exchange, on Tuesday, (a distance of 15 or 20 feet,) and on being taken up was found to have broken both arms just above the wrists, and to have injured himself considerably in other respects.

CHILDREN LOST.—Sixty-five lost children were taken to the New York Upper Police office, and placed in charge of Mr. Bird, the keeper, during the month of July, by whom they were delivered over to their parents.

FINE PRICES.—At a recent sale of Durham Breeds at Lexington, Ky. a cow, Victoria, was purchased for $1750. Eclipse, a bull, was bought for $1000, and various others sold from $800 down to $105 each.

THE ARABIAN HORSES.—The two Arabian horses, sent by the Imaum of Muscat as a present to the President of the United States, were sold on Tuesday, at Washington. The light grey was taken by L. M. Powell, Esq. of Virginia, at $650, and the grey by Gen. John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, at $675.

SHIPWRECK.—The schooner Rochester of Steuben, Me., Capt. Haskell, from Pictou for Providence, with a cargo of coal, on the night of the 31st ult. in a thick fog, run upon Brenton's reef, near the entrance of Newport, R. I. She bilged and sank next day. Her crew were saved, and so were her spars, rigging, sails, &c.

A WICKED WRETCH.—The brute named McGuire, who was arrested in Brooklyn lately for beating his wife to death, escaped commitment for want of proof. Next day he was drunk, with his dead wife in the house, and for lack o' something to take out his spite on, beat and kicked his four motherless children, until the neighbors had him arrested again.

FIRE IN WHEELING.—A fire broke out in Wheeling on Saturday morning last, in the tavern house occupied by Mrs. Bork, and destroyed property to the value of two or three thousand dollars. A negro has been arrested as the supposed perpetrator.

SALT IN OHIO.—Some beautiful salt, has been manufactured from a spring which rises on land of the Rev. Joel Talcott, in Sullivan, Ohio. The strength, that is the saltness, of the water flowing from this spring is such as to warrant the expectation that it may be profitably manufactured, and that there are indications of a very large supply.

KILLING FLIES.—A Doctor in New York, has contrived a Fly poison that destroys at the rate of 20,000 per diem of this tribe of domestic insects, so annoying at this season. It is equally fatal to other household vermin, and among them cockroaches.

THROWN FROM A HORSE.—On Sunday the 25th ult. Isaac White, Jr., a lad of 16, and son of the Sheriff of Arke county, N. C., was accidentally thrown from his horse, and instantly killed.

THE CHARLESTON FIRE ENGINE.—The new fire engine made J. Agnew, of this city, was tried at Charleston on Thursday last, and answered all expectations. She proved herself a first rate piece of mechanism.

MURDER.—In Smithland, Ky. on the 25th ult. a man named Johnson T. Woolridge shot John Crisly, and killed him instantly. The offender was arrested.

DROWNED.—An old soldier named Love, fell over board from the steamboat South at Smithfield, Ky. on the 26th ult. and was drowned.

DAMAGED BY LIGHTNING.—The packet ship Algonquin, from Liverpool, was struck by lightning, and damaged on the Banks of Newfoundland.

DEAD.—Four of the men scalded by the explosion on board the Erie, on Detroit river.

SUSPECTED OF POISONING.—The captain of a vessel was arrested at Apalachicola, on the 9th ult. on suspicion of having poisoned the crew of two other vessels employed in lightening. It appeared from witnesses produced on the trial, that a quantity of candy was found on board both these vessels, of which the crew partook, and immediately thereafter commenced vomiting, with all the symptoms usual in cases where arsenic has been administered. Suspicion at once rested upon this captain whose vessel was employed in like manner. He had been seen aboard these vessels on the morning alluded to, and on inquiry it was found the same individual had purchased a few days previous, about the same quantity of candy. He was, however, acquitted for want of proof.

LIBELLING RATS.—"Rat" is a technical word among printers, and means, both among employers and workmen, a mean, low, selfish fellow, who underworks his fellow craftsmen, and is satisfied with less than a fair compensation for his work. Nothing is more contemptible than a "rat." Well, we perceive that a suit is in progress, in New Orleans, brought by a Mr. Douglass, and a Mr. Mayne, against a Mr. Farris, the latter of whom is chairman of a committee of the Typographical Association. The former claim damages of Mr. Farris for publishing them as *rats*, in a "rat circular," disseminated throughout the Union and addressed to printers.

CAPE ISLAND.—The number of visitors at this place is still great, though there is room for more. A more pleasant place of resort cannot be found than this fashionable bathing place. Whether for invalids, or persons seeking pleasure, it is invaluable. The house kept by Mr. McMakin is particularly worthy of patronage. The sea breeze—the bathing in the surf—the drive along the beach, and the constant parties of all kinds got up for the enjoyment of the visitors, render it a most desirable resort.

THE MISSING MAILS.—The Postmaster of Charleston, South Carolina, reports to the Post Office Department, that the mails for that office, which are missing in consequence of the loss of the steamboat North Carolina, on the night of the 25th of July, are those from New York of the 21st and 22d July—from Boston of the 20th and 21st—from Philadelphia of the 22d from Baltimore of the 22d, 23d and 24th—from Washington of the 22d and 23d—and from Petersburg of the 23d, 24th and 25th.

MORE BARNS BURNT.—A Carroll county (Md.) paper says:—"During the storm of Tuesday afternoon last, one of the barns on the farm belonging to the heirs of Jacob Burns, deceased, occupied by Mr. John Geiman, one and a half miles west of Manchester, was struck by lightning and destroyed. The fire communicated to another barn on the same place, about thirty yards distant from the first, and destroyed it also including his crop of grain, hay, &c.

WRECKS AT KEY WEST.—The brig Glide, Norton, from Trinidad for Philadelphia, and the brig Emery of Baltimore, Merryman, from Mantanzas for Boston, went ashore at Key West, about the middle of July. Both were laden with sugar, coffee, and molasses, a large share of which will be lost. The French ship Cora, Nelly, was mulcted in 13,702 dollars salvage, to be paid in coffee from her cargo.

DROWNED.—The Boston Times speaks of two young gentlemen, who went out on a little fishing excursion on Wednesday, on a lake in Framingham—generally known as Long Pond. When about a quarter of a mile from the shore, one of them in shipping his oar accidentally struck his companion on the head, and threw him into the water, where becoming entangled among the pond lilies he sank and was drowned.

RUN OVER BY A STEAMBOAT.—The body of Daniel Outwater, of Red Hook, was discovered floating in the river opposite Catskill, N. York, last Sunday morning. He left the Catskill Point on Thursday evening in a small sail boat. The body, about the head bore the appearance of having been crushed, and the boat was found considerably broken. It is supposed that the steamboat which came up that night ran over him.

CROP OF CORN CAPTURED.—On the 31st ult. say accounts from St. Augustine, a detachment of 2d Dragoons were sent out to destroy corn on the Wekiwa belonging to the Indians; the crop being too matured for destruction, the men were engaged in collecting it for future use. Two men, who had been left in charge of horses were fired upon and killed, and the enemy captured ten horses.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—As the train of cars was coming from Harper's Ferry into Baltimore on Monday night, one of the firemen unfortunately fell between the engine and tender, and one of his legs was so horribly mashed as to render amputation immediately necessary. Professor N. R. Smith happening to be present, operated upon the limb, which was the means of saving his life.

POISONED WITH ICE CREAM.—The passengers in the cars between Schenectady and Utica, stopped on Wednesday last at the half way house for refreshment, and after partaking of ice cream were taken dangerously ill. Powerful emetics were administered, and most of them were able to resume their journey. It is supposed that the coloring of the cream contained some poisonous substance.

CURE FOR CORNS.—We do not vouch for the utility of this remedy, but those who are much troubled with that pest, the corn, had better try it. Bind at night a piece of sponge moistened in a weak solution of pearlash. The skin may be brushed off in the morning, having been dissolved by the action of the caustic.

GUILTY.—Wm. Carroll, has been tried in N. York for killing his wife in June last, and found guilty of manslaughter in the 4th degree. It was shown that on the night in question, the prisoner gave his wife a severe beating, in consequence of which, she died in a few days after.

ATTEMPT TO POISON.—We learn from the St. Louis Gazette that an attempt was made on the 27th ult. to poison the members of the family of Col. O'Fallon. Two negroes, belonging to the Col. who are suspected of this horrid act, have been committed to prison.

A SLAVER.—A person named Sletor has been tried in the United States District Court New York, for serving on board the schr Sarah Ann, as mate, while engaged in the slave trade, and found guilty.

RUMORED DEATH.—A rumor has obtained general circulation in Vicksburg that Volney E. Howard, Esq. had died of the wound received in his late duel with Ex-Governor Runnels.

DRUNK WHEN ENLISTED.—A man named H. Valentine was discharged from the service of the United State last week, in New York, because he was drunk when he enlisted.

ACQUITTAL.—In the United States Court in New York on Friday, Russell Moore, who has been a year under arrest, charged with counterfeiting U. States coin, was acquitted.

ROBBING THE MAIL.—The Harrisburg Intelligencer states, that the Postmaster at Liverpool, York county, was arrested on Wednesday last on a charge of robbing the mail.

BURGLARY.—The house of Richard Griffith, of Jenkintown, was burglariously entered on Thursday last, and robbed of two watches, one a handsome repeater, and the other a common silver watch.

DIED WITH THE LOCKJAW.—A German named Bernard H. Berdenharn, fell from an fruit tree some time ago near Baltimore, and broke his arm. On Thursday he died with the lockjaw.

EARTH FELL ON HIM.—Francis Riley, a laborer on the Croton Water Works, was killed on Wednesday last. The earth near him suddenly caved in, and crushed him. He died on being removed.

ANOTHER WARNING.—A Scotchman named Gavin Lonihar, fell out of the garret window of a house in Baltimore, on Thursday, when drunk, and instantly expired.

LUCKY ESCAPE.—A boy in Baltimore was thrown from the back of a horse on Thursday directly against the curb stone, and was not hurt. The Clipper says he got up, scratched his head, and ran after his horse, but he did not venture to mount him again.

SUICIDE.—We learn from the Charlestown Free Press, that Mr. Joseph Smith, of Shepherdstown, committed suicide by hanging himself in the basement story of his dwelling, on Sunday evening last.

THE RIVERS.—The Mississippi river, at St. Louis, 25th ult., rose about eighteen inches, and was still rising on the 27th. Reports from the Missouri. The Upper Mississippi is quite low.

A CHANGE.—Capt. S. H. Cunningham has been removed from the situation of captain of the Brooklyn L. I. and Capt. H. K. Paulding is appointed to succeed him.

CORN SIXTEEN FEET HIGH.—In a garden in Fell's Point, Baltimore, there is corn growing, the tallest spears of which is ten sixteen feet high—so the papers say.

CAUGHT HIM.—The murderer of Col. Winn at Natchez, proves to be a negro, who has confessed, and is in jail.

A FROG WRESTLE.—We certainly never heard of such a thing before, but a correspondent of the Farmer's Visiter declares that he saw two frogs wrestle at "arm's length" and thus describes the encounter: "while standing beside a wall I heard a splashing in the water on the opposite side. Looking over, I saw about eight feet from me, two bullfrogs apparently wrestling. They stood up on their hind legs—took fair hold at the back with their arms, (or fore legs, if you please,) and tripped and twisted just like two men in wrestling. Sometimes one would get thrown, then the other. I saw them at this play ten or fifteen minutes. They certainly were not fighting, for neither were hurt. The water was two or three inches deep, just up to their knees; as soon as one gave the other a fall, he would jump off, and both would stand up and take hold again."

It's a good story and we hate to spoil it, by inserting a doubt.

FIRE IN BALTIMORE.—On Friday night a fire broke out in the loft over the back part of the Maryland Arcade. The Clipper states that the fire was first discovered falling through the ceiling over the unoccupied stalls on the southern side, and had not it been so soon discovered, the whole building would have been soon beyond the hope of preservation. By the timely arrival of the firemen the flames were extinguished before they had gained much headway, and the rear portion of the building is all that is injured.

CHILD RUN OVER AND KILLED.—In New York, on Friday, a little girl named Mary Larkin, was run over and killed. A vehicle drawn by two horses came along the street while the child was at play. The mother of the child saw the danger, and ran to prevent it, but was too late. Before she could snatch up the child, the horses knocked the little thing down and trampled on her. She died in about one hour after.

THE MORMON OUTRAGE.—In justification of the recent lynching of some of the Mormons, a number of citizens of Tully, (Mo.) publish a statement, in which they accuse the Mormons of a number of depredations and say that Smith, the "Holy Prophet," in presence of some of the citizens, justified the plunderers in their nefarious proceeding, and would continue them till they had recompensed themselves for their Missouri difficulties to the amount of $3,000,000.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—The steamboat Erie, Captain Titus, which left Buffalo on Sunday evening, ran foul of and sunk the schooner Iowa, the same night when a few miles west of Dunkirk. The Iowa was in ballast and bound for Huron, was owned by Mr. Colvin, and insured for $1000 at an office in Buffalo. Capt. PATTERSON and his crew were saved and taken to Erie.

SICKNESS IN TENNESSEE.—In Jonesburg, East Tennessee, there was on the 22d ult. more sickness, the "Whig" says, and "more deaths than were ever known to our earliest settlers in the same length of time, mostly by fever. We attribute it to the heavy rains, high water and warm weather, which we have experienced for the last two or three months." The Whig notices the death of Susan Gaines, sister of Gen. Gaines, in Kingsport, at an advanced age.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—The Quincy Patriot says, that a few days ago a Mr. William N. Baker, aged about fifty years, was killed very suddenly, opposite the house of Mr. Samuel Thomas, in this town, by falling from the driver's seat of the Quincy Baggage wagon, one of the fore wheels of which passed over his chin and neck before it could be stopped; causing almost instant death. No blame can be attached to the driver.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Chancellor Walworth, of New York, in a case lately brought before him, involving the legal title of the "old" or "new" school, of Presbyterians to be called the "General Assembly of the church, has decided, as Judge Rogers in this State did, in favor of the claim of the latter—that is, he adjudges the New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian church to be the legal body.

A BOLD TRICK.—During a thunder storm of Thursday night last, four men belonging to the barque Essex, lying in Bristol, R. I., harbor threw the officer in charge overboard, took one of their boats and made their escape. The officer, after being some time in the water, succeeded in gaining the ship. The men have been pursued, and will undoubtedly be retaken.

BOY DROWNED.—A lad by the name of Wallace, about eight years old, was drowned in the Connecticut river at Hartford, on Wednesday afternoon, 5th inst. He was standing on a log or raft while the steamboat Bunker Hill was passing, and the swell from the boat caused him to slip into the water. His body was recovered an hour or two after.

A FACTORY BURNED.—The establishment known as the Jefferson Factory in Godwinville, N. J., the property of John Post, was destroyed by fire, with its contents, on Wednesday afternoon. It is supposed to have originated from a heap of waste in the garret—was insured for $8,000.

STORMS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—On Thursday last, various parts of New Hampshire were visited by showers of rain and hail and violent gusts of wind. In Nashua the roof of the academy was blown off. There were eighty scholars in the building at the time, but fortunately no one received any injury.

THE MENDIP CHASM.—R. A. Locke, Esq. the celebrated author of that profound moon hoax, which astounded every body a year or two ago, is now publishing in the New York Mirror a tale entitled "The Mendip Chasm; a tale of Astrology." We have no doubt it will be read with avidity.

NO END TO IT.—"Put out your tongue a little further," said a physician to a female patient, "a little further ma'am, if you please—a little further still." "Why, Doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

A SEVERE SHOCK.—On Monday evening during a storm, the lightning struck a tree opposite Mr. Well's Hotel, in the village of Conshohocken, Montgomery county, and shattered it. In the tavern there were eighteen persons, who were all knocked senseless, but recovered in a short time.

VERY MYSTERIOUS.—The St. Louis Pennant states that a ventriloquist, or a polyphonist, as it is fashionable now for each one to style himself, has lately disappeared from Somerville, Tennessee; without the knowledge of any one, and has not been since heard of. The unfortunate man left behind a printer with an unpaid bill of $3.50 to mourn his irreparable loss!

A HEALTHY PLACE.—It is a common belief, that in the south folks die in multitudes, but at Columbus, Geo. up to July 28th, says the Inquirer, the whole number of deaths during the present year within the corporate limits is only 20! not one by fever, and it is believed there is not, at this time, a single case of fever in the city.

WISCONSIN AND IOWA.—Wisconsin and Iowa, the young scions of the West, have astonished the nation by the recent return of the census. The former gives returns for 21,000, and the other 50,000 souls. Three fourths of the inhabitants, it is said, are from England.

PLENTY OF OIL.—The Newark Whale Ship *John Wells*, Capt. Russell, was spoken off New Zealand, Feb. 13th, by the Ship George which arrived at New Bedford on Thursday, with 2100 bbls. whale and 2 sperm oil.—The John Wells had 1300 bbls. whale oil when spoken.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.—On Thursday night last, a man named Singleton Willison, was killed near Cumberland, (Md.) by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his brother-in-law, a Mr. Speelman.

FIGHT ON THE CANAL.—A fight took place among the laborers on the canal near Tunkhannock in this State, on Sunday the 26th ult., in which one man was killed and several wounded.

FIRE IN DARIEN, GEO.—On the 2d inst. a Mr. Hudsell had his store consumed in Darien, Geo., and all his goods destroyed. It was believed to have been set on fire by the lightning. Insurance about $6,500.

CINCINNATI.—Cincinnati has nearly doubled in population during the past ten years. In 1830 it had 24,000 inhabitants and now has 45,000.

A LARGE SNAKE KILLED.—Two gentlemen, near mount Holyoke, Mass. killed a few days ago a rattle snake three and a half feet in length—with twelve rattles, and fangs half an inch in length.

COUNTERVAILING TARIFF IN CANADA.—Several meetings have been recently held in Upper Canada for the purpose of taxing American agricultural produce coming into that country.

COMMENCEMENT.—The annual commencement of the Wesleyan University took place at Middletown, Conn. on Wednesday last.

AN OLD HERO GONE.—Sergeant Lawrence Everhart, a revolutionary soldier, died on Sunday last, near Frederick City, Md.

MORE PAUPERS COMING.—Many of the passengers of the barque New York Packet, at quarantine, at Boston from Liverpool, are from the poor houses.

SHUT UP.—A quo warranto has been obtained against the Bank of Manhattan Ohio.

A HURRICANE PREDICTED.—The New Orleans Courier of the 30th ult. remarks: "Certain weather-wise bibeds in these parts, have predicted that we shall be visited next month, by one of the most destructive hurricanes that ever raged along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Least this warning should be taken as a joke, we will inform our readers that for weeks past, something very unusual is said to have been going on among the waters of the Gulf. The tides have mounted several feet higher than usual, when at full; and again, when the tides recede, places are left dry that never before were seen out of water. Now, these things, they do say, intimate the approach of a hurricane."

RICH TO-DAY, POOR TO-MORROW.—Speaking of the instability of fortune, and with a view of illustrating the fact that such changes should teach us resignation and content, if not absolute gratitude, under the contrast of our condition with that of others, the Deputy Marshal in his report of the census of Cincinnati says: "In the 5th ward I found two instances of the instability of fortune. In destitute circumstances, dependent for the bread of the day on the labors of the day, were two women, one a grand daughter of a distinguished Governor of Massachusetts, and the other a cousin of a late Governor of New Jersey, hardly less honored."

A STRANGE CAUSE OF DEATH.—A woman named Margaret Lynch, came to her death in a singular manner in New York on Monday. In a squabble with a Mr. McCarthy, at the market, some two weeks ago, she got pushed over, and a cart passing at the time, ran over her foot. On examination there was found to be a severe wound on the heel of her left foot, exposing the bone. She was carried to the Hospital, grew somewhat better, but was finally taken with the lock-jaw and died. On how slight a contingency sometimes hangs a human being's life. A single push, and however in the enjoyment of health, we are hurried into eternity!

A NOBLE ACT.—A son of Mr. Samuel C. Hunt, on Saturday last fell from a pile of boards on Swett's wharf, in Charlestown, Mass. into the river, striking the wharf as he fell, which probably stunned him, as he did not rise to the surface of the water. The Boston Post says, Mr. Thomas R. Goodwin, hearing a cry from the lad's companions, plunged into the river, where it was deep water, and took the body from the bottom. By great exertions the boy was resuscitated. This is the second time Mr. Goodwin has saved a fellow being from drowning.

THREW HIMSELF FROM A WINDOW.—Geo. Sweet, an equestrian and tight rope performer attached to the Bowery Amphitheatre, threw himself from the third story window of the Eagle tavern in Buffaloon Thursday morning, and received such internal injuries as will probably cause his death. The Journal states that for several days Mr. Sweet had been laboring under a species of insanity, and had during his present sojourn, attempted to make way with himself by taking opium.

A FIGHT AND DEATH.—We learn by the Yazoo City Whig, that a street fight took place in that city a few days since, between Mr. James H. Hunter and F. W. Quackenboss, Esq. which resulted in the death of the former. Mr. Quackenboss immediately surrendered himself to the authorities, and was honorably acquitted, it appearing that Hunter had brought on the affray himself.

CONFLICT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The Louisville Journal of the 31st ult. says:—We understand, that on Friday night, there was a conflict between a number of whites and blacks at Madison, Ia., in the course of which two white men were shot and very severely wounded. One of the negroes was subsequently wounded. One of the negroes was afterward taken to the river for the purpose of being thrown in and drowned, but the interference of some influential persons saved his life. On Saturday night many of the citizens were arming themselves and swearing to exterminate the negroes from the city.

SINGULAR INDEX.—We have no recollection, remarks the Baltimore Sun, of such a coincidence of death, as that which we find in the ordinary record of mortality, in one of our exchange papers. On the 9th ultimo, Mr. Solon Nash, formerly of Boston, died at Louisville, Kentucky; and on the same day, his wife, Mrs. Mary B. Nash, aged 29 years, formerly of Newburyport, deceased in this city. There may be more than fancy in the idea, that the departed spirits, whose bodies were separated at the hour of dissolution, met and re-united on their return to God who gave them.

A FIGHT AND HOMICIDE.—On the 23d ult. a fight took place at Little Rock, Arkansas, between two men named Fears and Strickland, which resulted in the death of the latter, by a blow received from Fears on the neck, which dislocated it, causing instant death. Fears was immediately arrested and carried before the Mayor of the city, and committed to jail.

DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Mr. Stephens, one of the most popular American authors, will soon publish, in two volumes, an account of his discoveries of ancient ruins in that part of Central America whither he was sent as a diplomatic agent.

DEATHS IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—Interments in the city and county of New York for the week ending August 8—22 men, 23 women, 26 boys and 60 girls. Total 208. In Boston there were 40 deaths last week—under seventeen 27; adults 17.

NAVAL.—The U. S. ship Decatur, bearing the broad pennant of Com. Ridgley, Capt. Ogden, all well, and the U. S. schooner Enterprise, Commander Drayton, bound on a cruise off Cape Trio, surveying the coast, were at Rio Janeiro, on the 2d ult.

ALMANAC.

August, 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
15 SATURDAY,	5 12	6 48	3 41	D. H. M.
16 SUNDAY,	5 13	6 47	4 27	
17 MONDAY,	5 14	6 46	5 14	
18 TUESDAY,	5 15	6 45	6 9	
19 WEDNESDAY,	5 16	6 43	6 53	First 5 12 13
20 THURSDAY,	5 17	6 42	7 48	Full 11 2 24
21 FRIDAY,	5 19	6 41	8 48	Last 20 7 10
22 SATURDAY,	5 20	6 40	9 51	New 27 1 43

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail at this office is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money franked if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 29th July to the 13th August.

July 29, received from A. Potter, Esq. 1 00; H. Chase, Esq. 2 50; J. T. Montgomery, 7 00; Samuel Jones, 2 00; I. Shaw, Esq. 2 00; D. A. Bulkley, 5 00; J. Smith, 2 00; J. Newson, [illegible] 1 20; [illegible] 2 00. July 31. Jacob Weller, 2 00; H. Hart, Esq. 6 00; E. T. Richardson, Esq. 5 00; R. West, Esq. 5 00. Aug. 1. M. Wolf, 2 00; T. W. Langley, 5 00; H. Tucker, 2 00; Davis Garrett, 2 00; [illegible] Moore, 1 00; J. Potts, 2 00; W. McGargan, 2 00; C. E. Thompson, 1 00; J. H. Evans, Esq. 6 00; A. C. McIntosh, 2 00; S. Stokes, Esq. 2 00; Pitt Brown, Esq. 5 00; G. Pendleton, 1 00. Aug. 3. A. Worts, 2 00; R. Dennison, 2 00; R. Boone, 2 00; J. Pascal, 2 00; W. Coker, 3 00; H. Erwin, 2 00; S. & L. Johnson, 2 00; Lee Richards, 2 00; S. Brewer, 2 50; Jas. Dowling, 1 00; John Laws, 2 00; Jno. Aberdeen, 2 00; J. F. Easton, agt. 89 75; Jas. M. Reddick, 4 00; L. Baker, Esq. 2 00; W. T. McEwen, Esq. 2 00; N. Nye, 2 00; H. E. Dibble, 4 00; Dr. Jos. Brayshaw, 2 00; Miss Nancy T. Turner, 2 00; R. Goodridge, 1 50. Aug. 4. W. A. Pierce, agt. 10 00; D. L. Seymour, 2 00; Dr. L. Green, 2 00; Jos. Halbert, Esq. 1 00; Wm. R. Hawke, 2 00; H. N. Bruner, 7 00; N. Wood, Esq. 4 00; A. Hall, 2 00; C. Harris, 2 00; I. N. Maxwell, 2 00; Sarah Buck, 2 00; L. Brayshaw, 2 00; J. B. Bolline, 2 00. Aug. 5. John McPherson, 2 50; Jas. W. Tilford, 4 50; J. Fisher, 2 00; F. Winslow, 1 00; G. Freeman, 1 00; J. Goodwin, 3 00; C. McCloskey, Esq. 5 00. Aug. 6. Charles Kemble, 2 00; E. R. Swain, 2 00; George D. Randolph, 1 40; Jas. McIntyre, 1 40. Aug. 6, received from Samuel A. Rea, 1 00; W. Squire, 1 00; S. J. Dickey, 1 00; J. S. Dickey, 2 00; W. Gansevoort, 1 00; S. Tucker, Esq. 4 00; J. E. Hollister, 2 00. Aug. 7. H. Warner, 2 00; J. W. Lad, 2 00; J. Cattis, 4 00; W. B. Payle, 3 00; F. M. Bates, 2 00; J. Levingston, [illegible] 1 00; Mundy & Wolf, [illegible] 2 00; J. Haines, 2 00. Aug. 8. M. Ramsay, 2 00; W. Allison, 2 00; F. Skinner, 4 00; J. Yeager, 2 00; J. Kennon, 1 00; J. Roberts, 1 25; Simon Simpson, agt. 20 00; W. R. Caruthers, Esq. 2 00; Geo. Gere, 2 00; G. E. Manson, 2 00. Aug. 10. G. W. Gray, 2 00; Geo. W. Coombs, 2 00; J. Twaddell, 2 00; H. Korn, 2 00; C. Woodward, 2 00; M. Curtis, 2 00; G. R. Cruelly, 2 00; B. Crawford, 2 00; W. Fife, 2 00; S. I. Creswell, 2 00; D. McIntire, 2 00; E. Bishop, 2 00; D. Campbell, 2 00; E. Gillingham, 2 00; W. M. Hoyle, 2 00; C. F. Mansfield, 2 00; Samuel Gibson, 2 00; Samuel Greer, 2 00; M. Miller, 2 00; Jno. Self, 2 00; Mrs. Duncan, 2 00; N. Carter, 2 00; A. Barnes, 4 00; W. R. Burke, 1 00; J. C. Carpenter, 1 00; S. Livesey, 2 00; A. Strode, Esq. 2 00; Calvin Case, 2 00; George Kelington, 6 00; J. Dodwell, 2 00; George Hendler, 2 00. Aug. 11. W. Simpson, 1 50; Reeves & Small, [illegible] 1 84; W. E. Wanton, 4 00; A. Lanken, 2 00; Barnes & Co. 2 00; J. G. Gilpin, 2 00; J. Hopkins, 2 00; W. Marshall, 2 00; W. Springer, 1 00; A. A. Cassiday, 3 00; J. S. Dudea, Esq. 1 00. Aug. 12. W. H. McLallen, Esq. 2 00; J. Carroll, 2 00; C. Williams, 2 00; J. Singles, 2 00.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 6th inst. by the Rev. A. McCaskey, Mr. JOHN P. WARRINGTON, of Delaware, to Miss MARTHA RETTA, daughter of the late William Cummings, Esq. of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 9th ult. Mr. RICHARD S. CHILD, to Miss CATHARINE MINI.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. James Abercrombie, Mr. JAMES HEMENWAY, formerly of Boston, to Miss HARRIET R. LEWIS, of Philadelphia.

In New York, on Sunday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Henry Chase, Mr. JOSEPH J. HUTTON, to Miss JANE M. daughter of William Jarvis, Esq. of New York.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. George Higgins, GEORGE D. HOFFNER, to APPHIA ANN CRASSE, all of Southwark.

On Monday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, SAMUEL FANSHER, to ESTHER F. MOLLNER, both of this city.

On Monday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, SAMUEL SAVAGE, to ESTHER S. MACLEAN, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, Mr. WM. H. KING, to Mrs. MALVINA A. LEWIS, both of this city.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, 8th inst. of consumption, JANE JONES, wife of C. H. Jones, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 8th inst. of pulmonary consumption, in the 24th year of her age, Miss SARAH P. daughter of George and Susan Wilson.

On Sunday morning, the 9th inst. WILLIAM REYNOLDS, of the firm of Wm. and John Reynolds, in the 43d year of his age.

On the night of the 8th inst. Mr. WM. HYER, in the 74th year of his age.

On the evening of the 8th inst. ANNE, wife of M. H. M'Ewen, and daughter of Jacob Lovering.

Suddenly, of Apoplexy, on the evening of the 13th ult. JOSEPH TARRANCE, of Waynesburg, in Mifflin County, Penn. in the 64th year of his age.

On Sunday morning last, SARAH D. CURTIS, wife of John H. Curtis.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. MARGARET HORNBERGER, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. J. CUTHBERT, only son of Thomas and Almira C. Kockerperger.

On the 30th July, at the residence of Mrs. Mary Ingier, N. J., Mr. FRANCIS H. MALLETT, of West Philadelphia, Missouri, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 11th inst. of pulmonary consumption, CHARLES BURKHART, in the 16th year of his age.

In New York, on Sunday, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at the residence of her son, CHARLOTTE, wife of Robt. Titter, mary, formerly of Philadelphia.

On board the ship Monsoon, during her passage from Port Belo to New York, HENRY WILLIAMS, seaman, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, 11th inst. THOMAS T. FARLEY, infant son of Wilson J. and Anna Farley, aged ten months and ten days.

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, DEXTER WOODS, in the 60th year of his age.

At Savannah, Geo. on the 25th of July, Mr. STEPHEN W. GREEN, in the 34th year of his age, a native of England and formerly of Boston.

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at 1-2 A. M.		Eastern closes at	4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.		New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.	
Southern,	12 A. M.	Southern closes at	10 P. M.
Western, 3½ A. M. & 5½ P. M.		Western at 5 A. M. 2½ P. M.	

Health Office, August 8, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 1st to the 8th August.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Burns,	1	1	Brought over,	31	35
Croup,	0	1	—Nervous,	1	0
Congestion of the Brain,	1	1	—Typhus,	1	0
			—Scarlet,	0	2
Cholera Morbus,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	5
Colic,	0	1	—Bronchi,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	6	1	—Lungs,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	6	—Bowels,	2	1
Dyspepsia,	1	0	—Heart,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	2	1	—Peritonæum,	2	0
Dropsy,	4	0	Intemperance,	1	0
—Head,	0	3	Intestine Irritation,	1	0
Disease of the Heart,	1	0	Jaundice,	0	2
Drowned,	3	1	Marasmus,	0	2
Dysentery,	0	6	Scrofula,	0	2
Debility,	0	3	Still Born,	0	2
Enlargement of the Heart,	2	0	Suicide,	1	0
			Summer Complaint,	0	14
Effusion on the Brain,	1	0	Syphilis,	1	0
Fever,	2	1	Ulceration of Intestines,	1	0
—Catarrhal,	0	1	Unknown,	1	0
—Eruptive,	0	1	Violence,	1	0
—Remittent,	1	0			
Carried over,	31	35	Total,	110	44 67

Of the above there were 14 from the almshouse; 2 people of color, and 12 from the country, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

BARK.—The late accounts do not show much activity in the European markets. Here, sales to a moderate extent have been made at $29.50 per ton, for No. 1.

COFFEE.—Market inactive, steady prices. A cargo has arrived from Rio de Janeiro, but it is not yet landed.

COTTON.—Prices steady, with limited sales.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Owing to the small stocks, and the light receipts, there has been a trifling advance in the price of Flour since the promulgation of the late European news. Sales on Monday morning at $5.25, and later in the day at $5.31 on Broad street, and some sales on the Delaware front at $5.50 per bbl. for 10 good brand Penn'a Flour. All other at $5.12; and choice brands $5.25. To-day there is very little Flour in the market on Broad street, and on the Delaware the stock is light. Rye Flour.—Sales at $3 per bbl. Corn Meal.—Sales of Penn'a Meal in bbls. at $3.12½ bbls. at $2.87½, and Brandywine $3.12½ per bbl. which is an advance.

GRAIN.—There is a moderate demand for Wheat, with sales at $1.15, to $1.14 cts per bushel on the Schuylkill, for good to prime old red, and $1.13 a $1.15 in store. Rye.—A lot of Southern has sold at 64 cts and some Penna. at 65 cts afloat. Corn.—Demand fair, with sales of round yellow at 54 cts and Southern at 53 cts for the white and 52 cts for white. Oats.—Sales of new crop Southern at 24 and some at 25 cts, fair old crop 25 cts good old crop is wanted at 27 cts.

PROVISIONS.—In Beef and Pork there is no change. Hams maintain full prices, with sales to a fair extent at 10 a 12 cts. for good to prime. Sales of Sides to a moderate extent at 8 cts. Shoulders are dull at 6 a 7 cts. Lard is steady.

SUGARS.—Holders have still further advanced their prices, and on New Orleans an advance of full [illegible] per lb. has been realized, compared with the last prices. Sales of 100 hhds. common to fair quality at 6 a 6⅝ cts, [illegible] 4 mos.

WHISKEY.—The market is bare of bbls. to-day. It is thought would command 27 a 28 cts. Hhds. are scarce and are worth 28 cts.—N. American.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for	par
164 shares	United States Bank,	13 a 16	100
174 do.	Mechanic's Bank,	30½ a 31	50
26 do.	Girard Bank,	9½ a 10	50
25 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	54½	50
1 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	101	100
52 do.	Commercial Bank Penn.	92	100
2 do.	Mec. & Man. Bank Pitts.	45	50
1 do.	Exchange Bank, Pitts.	42	50
266 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	5¼	100
7 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	67a 28	100
5 do.	Mississippi Bank, Penn.	66	100
2 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	74½	100
100 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	43	50
150 do.	Reading RR.	20	50
10 do.	Penn. Life & Annuity Co.	100	100
30 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	74a 75	50
5 do.	Philadelphia Museum,	4a 47	100
30 do.	Girard Trust Co.	23½	25

TO TAILORS AND THE FRIENDS OF ALLEN WARD.—To test it at one that I should again appear before you in the public prints, for the purpose of contradicting the gross misrepresentations set forth in the papers over the signature of F. Mahan, and others.—Common justice to the community, calls on me to disabuse the public of the error which these publications are calculated to convey. F. Mahan proclaims that in the year 1835 he commenced the publication of a System of Garment Cutting. He should have said, commenced the Re-publication of Ward's Protractor System. He goes on to say, "And when Mr. Ward found the superior favor bestowed upon Mahan's Drafts, he commenced a series of abuse, which was ended only with his own prostration." This latter clause is false. Ward knows of no superior favor bestowed upon Mahan's Drafts, nor has he ever commenced the abuse of any person; his principles are peace with all men. But when unjustly assailed and his rights infringed upon, the bump of combativeness in the maintenance of a just cause, knows of no shrinking or suffering into base submission. Ward opposed the Infringer and his firm now arraigned before the District Court of the United States, there to abide the decision of the Court, as soon as the case can be reached on the docket.

How does fact accords with Mahan's assertion that Ward was prostrated, vanquished, both professionally and legally, I leave the public to decide, and refer them for the truth of my statement, to my attorney C. J. Ingersol, Esq. to the record of the Circuit Court of the United States, in and for the third District of Pennsylvania. Justice is sometimes slow, but sure of success when properly administered, and of this I have no fears.

When the case shall be tried. Mahan has boasted much of his skill in Garment Cutting; it is a well known fact, that he derived all his boasted knowledge of Garment Cutting from the very person whom he now ungratefully endeavors to traduce. Yes, this same Francis Mahan was a pupil, and a subscriber under Allen Ward's Patent Protractor System of Garment Cutting, from the 27th April in the year 1827, until the 15th day of June, 1833, which was a term of more than eight years, during which time Mahan acknowledged in extravagant terms, the great advantages of Ward's Protractor System, and seeing that Ward was making money by publishing, writing and publishing of his System, and the said Francis having such need of a little money, could not control his bump of acquisitiveness, and therefore, ventured forth to infringe Ward's Copyright, and at the expense of better feelings to reprint and sell Ward's Protractor scales, &c. attaching the name of F. Mahan thereto as author, and by so doing has deprived many of the uninformed, and caused them to believe that this F. Mahan is none other than the real inventor of the system. And he even had the effrontery in the city of Philadelphia, where, by the by, his first pretentions were too well known for his success among the better informed but more there by way of Sanction to put faith a challenge, implying that he would produce a system emphatically his own, and would cut better fitting coats by it than any Ward could cut by his Protractor System. The challenge stipulated that neither party should cut by any other than his own system, and it was agreed to by the parties. Umpires were chosen, and when they met, Mahan insulted the greater part of the committee, by endeavoring to impose upon them, for his own invention, that which they knew to be Ward's Protractor System. The Committee withdrew, and signed a statement, which Ward now holds, to show that Mahan had failed to produce a system of his own to compete with Ward's system, and further, they state that Ward is not called on to cut against his own system, as he would thus be obliged to do through Mahan's artifice, and that possibly to the prejudice of Ward's suit now pending against Mahan, in the District Court of the United States, for the infringement of Ward's Copyright. Ward now saw the cunning artifice of the intruder's design, which was to reduce competition, and if possible to make Ward compete against his own system, which is all that Mahan had for infringing. Had Mahan succeeded in this artifice, he would then have shown with an apparent plausibility that Ward, by his own act, had contested against that which Mahan has assumed as his own system, and then, of course, it cannot be considered as Ward's, because Ward had competed against it as being Mahan's system. But Ward was not allowed, by the legal ruling of a majority of the committee, to do other than to cut on a system superior with silent contempt. This was done for a base intent to the astonishment of all honorable men, this same F. Mahan, combining with others unknown to Mr. Ward in the case, or to the committee who had the matter in hand, formed a committee of their own, and then drew up for them a false and worn report, which purports to award the victory to F. Mahan. I will here omit naming the self appointed sham committee, which in fact are no committee at all. They cannot expect to derive either thanks or credit from the good or the great for such conduct. Their youth and inexperience in men's business, is their only apology for taking upon themselves the appointment of committeemen in this case, and that at the solicitation of one more cunning than correct. Be that as it may, I shall hold them responsible to the laws for their false publications and for other officious conduct. I cannot close without giving a specimen of the ill-bred votaries of this gratuitous self-appointed committee of busy bodies, who, being unknown to me, and unauthorised by any act or sanction of mine whatever, have taken upon themselves to publish in the public prints, the following misrepresentations, styled Report of the Committee of Master Tailors.

Report of the Committee of Master Tailors.—The Committee having met for the performance of their functions on the 13th inst. (April,) and examined the Coats cut by Francis Mahan, for the customers of different and peculiar forms. The Coats were tried on the said customers, which the Committee pronounce of superior cut and good fits. The Committee bear testimony that F. Mahan adhered so strictly to the letter and spirit of the challenge as far as was possible, in the absence of his competitor, and regret that Mr. Ward *would not, or, did not* cut, and in default thereof, we award the victory to F. Mahan.

H. N. ENGLISH,
of the firm of John F. Browning & Co.
Corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets.
W. H. SIMPSON,
S. W. corner of Seventh and Pine streets.

In refutation of the above erroneously styled Report of Committee, etc. let us examine the genuine Report of the only legally appointed Committee in the case, which shows conclusively, that Mahan has failed to produce a system of his own, and therefore, did not adhere to the letter and spirit of the challenge. *Read the following:*

The Committee of master tailors, appointed to investigate the long disputed question between Allen Ward and Francis Mahan, pursuant to Mahan's challenge, as to which of their respective systems of Garment Cutting is the best for the use of Tailors, a majority of said Committee have spared neither time nor pains in comparing the principles claimed by both, and have come to the conclusion that the system called Mahan's Protractor System is, in fact, the same system as that originally invented and published by Allen Ward, and therefore, the Committee deem it absurd to require Allen Ward to cut in compete against a system of which he is the original inventor, patentee, and copyright proprietor.

(Signed) GEO. W. FARR,
First Umpire of the Committee.

The Committee of master tailors, appointed to aid in deciding the dispute between Allen Ward, the original inventor and patentee of the Protractor System of Garment Cutting and Francis Mahan, who also publishes a system called Mahan's System of Garment Cutting, make the following report, that pursuant to Mr. Mahan's challenge of Ward, as to which of their respective systems is the best.

The Committee have been at some pains to see the Systems and Drafts claimed by both parties, and are satisfied that those claimed by Francis Mahan, under the title of Mahan's System of Garment Cutting, and of which he craves a decision in competition with Mr. Ward's Protractor System, are, in fact, and in truth, belonging to, or taken from, Mr. Ward's System. And the committee are satisfied that the System of both parties is one and the same, both being worked by the same Protractor and the same Scales. But, in justice to Mr. Ward, however, the Committee give him the credit of originating and first publishing the System.

(Signed) WILLIAM DEAL,
Chairman of the Committee.

Mahan, Judas like, tenders his acknowledgments to contemporary publishers, and to the trade he tenders the expression of his profound gratitude for their solid testimonials and golden opinions, and to Mr. Ward he wishes most sincerely, more liberality, and more of many good things too tedious to mention, the last of which is more success. It is superfluous in Mahan to wish Ward more success when it is well known that Ward has met with more success already than falls to the lot of one in a thousand.—His list of subscribers being the largest, and of the better sort, not mere dupes and dropped delinquents. Wherefore it is that Ward has the means wherewith to buy or build, or to lend to such as really wish him more success.

Who among the trade of any note, except Mr. Wm. Deal, have given Mahan solid testimonials? Very few. And that few are fast coming to the true light, and in substance they write the same sentiments as those set forth in Mr. Deal's communication, an extract of which here follows and will serve to show the triumph of truth and knowledge over error and ignorance. We have many more of the same sentiment now on file.

Extract of Mr. Deal's letter to Mahan.

Mr. F. Mahan,—*Sir*.—I frankly acknowledge that I was in error when I gave you a certificate that your System was better than Ward's. During the five years that I used Ward's Drafts, I had never so fully attended to the instructions laid down by him in his work as since my appointment on the committee of investigation. But now, in the conscientious discharge of my duty, I am bound to say that to Ward belongs the credit of the System by which you cut the coats, and surprisingly attached your name as author.

You ask if I have not said to different persons that Ward was not capable of making a correct draft, and that he could not cut a coat to fit? Answer. Whatever I may have thought or said inadvertently or otherwise on the subject, I am now convinced, by a subsequent investigation and having seen garments of Mr. Ward's cut that Mr. Ward is capable, and as to his skill in cutting, his success as a practical tailor puts to silence all doubts on that point. Can the same be said of Francis Mahan? The certificate which you call attention to as evidence of my former acknowledgement of your having a system of your own, was written some years past, at a time when Mr. Ward allowed you to sell the System on commission, but since that time, Ward having revoked your privilege by virtue of his copyright, I can no longer consider you authorised to attach your name to Ward's System.

Your challenge to Ward implies that you will use a system different from his, and if you shall succeed by means of said system, then you shall be considered the winner and the publisher of the best system for Tailors. It is fair not to challenge and call a Committee to decide which of two systems is the best, and the challenger then claim his opponent's system, having none of his own to exhibit for inspection.

Yours in haste, WM. DEAL.

Query? Are these the golden opinions so much prized by Mahan, the would be proprietor of Ward's Protractor System. Let the lesson teach intruders, and the encouragers of intruders, Wisdom, honesty, justice and truth, and never to purchase stolen goods knowingly, let the goods be labelled what they may.

aug 15—3t ALLEN WARD.

A CARD. WARD, BASFORD & WARD, successors to ALLEN WARD, inform their subscribers that they have made arrangements to publish a large and beautiful print, which they intend to accompany their Fall Report of Fashions. The price will be two dollars but to all who are subscribers to the Reports a deduction of one dollar will be made on the price, provided it is paid for in advance, or on delivery.

W. B. W. also inform the public that they continue to publish the Philadelphia Fashions and Tailors' Archetypes, both in the English and German languages. Terms of subscription, ten dollars for the first year, and five dollars for each succeeding year, if paid in advance. All letters post paid addressed to WARD, BASFORD & WARD, No. 62 WALNUT Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. will be punctually attended to. aug 15—6t

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, (Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER,) No. 116 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the *self styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 12 '39—1f

FOR SALE, IN GERMANTOWN, a dwelling house and lot of land, formerly the property of John Fry, deceased, having 34 feet front on the Main street of Germantown, and extending back of equal width to 4 perches and contains 34 perches of land. The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house 24½ feet front by 31 deep, with two rooms and an entry on each story, kitchen adjoining, the cellar under the whole, a well of good water, with pump in it near the kitchen door. This property is situated nearly opposite the Bank of Germantown, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village. For terms, apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. feb 22—tf

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c.
mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENORY.

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7½ Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also, Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society &c. &c. published by the Author, and sold at No. 43 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.

This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted.—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest *venereal* disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, where by the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

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The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications, sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia. au 15—1y

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, of New York, and from the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 262 Vine street, Philadelphia.

SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,
jan 25—1y MANUFACTURER OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY. South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufacture to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware of their own importing kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.
nov 1—20—1f R. & W. WILSON.

SILK & COCOONS.—The Model Filature at Philadelphia, No. 266 Market street, offer for sale Silk reeled at this Filature, where Cocoons are bought in any quantity as may be offered.
Philadelphia, July 21, 1840. mar 14—6m

REMOVED. Joseph E. McIlhenney Dentist has removed to No. 223 Arch street, nearly opposite his former residence.
June 26, 1840. jn 27—3m

PIEDMONTESE REELS. The Subscriber has for sale Reels of the above mentioned kind at his Store, No. 380 High Street.
aug 15—1t CHARLES CADWALLADER.

COCOONS WANTED. The Subscriber is prepared to purchase Cocoons at his Store, No. 380 High St. [illegible] for which the highest price will be given.
aug 15—1t CHARLES CADWALLADER.

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.

No. 21 North Fourth st. near the Merchants Hotel.

Public Sales—Every Evening. Comprising Hardware—Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Combs, Whips, Saddlery, Stationary, Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Articles, &c. &c.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

CARD.—Those having Stocks of Goods, Merchandize and Effects of Deceased Persons to dispose of, will have every facility afforded them in realizing the ready Cash.

_ Appraisements made Gratis.

N. B.—Out door Sales of Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c. promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Auction Store. my 16—6m

SCOTT'S PATENT REFRIGERATORS, and WATER COOLERS, warranted to be the best article for Generating Cold, and Preserving Provisions, that have ever been offered to the public, as will be seen by the following Certificates and References, viz: Having bought one of John Scott's Patent Refrigerators, a few weeks back, believing, from its construction, that it was the best and most complete article for that purpose ever offered to the public, my objections and prejudices to the common Provision Safes that have hitherto been in use, has all been banished by the use of Mr. Scott's, for I have more than realised my expectations in its use. Having tested its merits fully, I have recommended them to my friends, who are equally satisfied with them, and would now recommend them to the public. WM. ROWLAND,
Saw Manufacturer, Zane street.

CITY REFERENCES.
Rev. John Chambers, Arch street.
James B. Danforth, Merchant, S. wharves.
Charles W. Pierce, Esq. Chesnut street.
P. S. Yorke, Esq. Girard street.
Char. Ibless, Esq. Schuylkill 7th and Ratner street.
Mr. Briscoe, Walnut street.
T. Homer, Esq. South Eighth street.
Geo. R. Graham, Esq. Saturday Evening Post.
Thomas Mellor, Esq. Arch street.
Benj. Rowland, Esq. Beneszet street.
Mr. Shillingsworth, South Eighth street.

In addition to the above certificates and references, the subscriber informs the public that he warrants his article far superior to any other in the line, ever offered in the market, and is prepared to produce certificates from a number of scientific gentlemen, that have not only examined them, but use them with entire satisfaction, as to their superiority over all other kind. JOHN SCOTT,
Refrigerator Warehouse, No. 72 South Second street,
jn 20—6m Philadelphia.

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 165 North Second Street, between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel. Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz.—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (booth Sheet and Filleting,) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Packer and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, overlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c.
my 2—6m

THE WONDERFUL CURES PERFORMED by DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY IN PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, have excited the astonishment of all who have witnessed its admirable effects. The history of medicine, from the earliest ages, furnishes no parallel to the almost miraculous cures effected by this extraordinary medicine. The subjoined letter, from a respectable citizen of Pennsylvania, details one among the innumerable cases in which the remedy has been fully successful.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7th, 1838.

DR. HIGBEE—Dear Sir: With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to inform you of the astonishing benefit I received from your valuable medicine. About one year past, I received a kick from a horse, but after some months I recovered; but while in that weak state I caught a severe cold, and I had a violent cough, and discharged very much from the lungs, and bleeding from the lungs, and very heavy night sweats, and loss of appetite, and reduced to a skeleton. I was told by my physician there was no hope for me, and that I was incurable. My physician told me that I was in the last stage of consumption, and discharged me as incurable. As I was walking out one day for the fresh air, I providentially called into Wm. Constable's Shoe Store, for one of my coughing spells came on, and fearing I should fall in the street, I went in to sit down to rest, for I could hardly walk, even with my cane. He recommended your medicine so strongly, and I having known him for so many years, and that he was a man in whose word I could place the utmost confidence, and as he offered to pay for the medicine if it did not relieve me, I purchased a bottle of your agent in Market street, and before I had taken one bottle I found relief, my cough left me, my appetite returned, my night sweats left me. I continued until I had taken four bottles, and now enjoy as good health as I ever did in my life, and my occupation exposes me very much. Now, sir, I recommend your medicine wherever I go, and tell every person not to delay or to doubt, for if a man so far reduced as I was, and sixty two years of age as I am, can find a cure, the young have no reason to despair. The reason I trouble you with this letter is because I saw in a newspaper a letter to you from Wm. Constable, and he refers to me as one of the persons he recommended your invaluable medicine to. If this letter can be of any service to encourage the weak to make a fair trial, you are at liberty to use my name, and if needs requires, I am ready to affirm to the truth of this statement before any magistrate in this state. I have removed from Milestown to Manyunk.

JOHN GREENLEAF.

☞ DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE is at No. 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, below Chesnut. Second Office, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, Philadelphia.—All persons affected with Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Liver, Spleen, Throat, or with Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, &c. are invited to call at Dr. Higbee's Offices, and be convinced of the value of his medicine. Price $1 per single bottle, or $5 per half dozen. ☞ THIRD COMPOUND, for Children, in cases of Colds, Coughs, Scarlet Fever, Sore Throat, Measles, Hooping Cough, &c. performing an immediate cure in nearly every instance; 25 cts. per phial.

☞ Observe—The above valuable medicines may be obtained at DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET. Second Office, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA; of BEAN & SCHRACK, Norristown, Pa.; JOHN WISE, Lancaster, Pa.; JOHN WYETH, jr. Harrisburg, Pa.; J. C. LOCKWOOD, Middletown, Del. and JOSEPH SCOTT, Wilmington, Delaware.
aug 8—3m

PROSPECTUS of a work entitled: General HISTORY OF THE WORLD, from the earliest times until the year 1831. By Dr. Charles Von Rotteck, Professor in the University of Freyburg, Aulic Counsellor, member of the Chamber of Deputies of the Grand Duchy of Baden, &c. Translated from the German, and continued to 1840. By Frederick Jones, A. M. Illustrated by twenty four Historical Engravings, designed by Heideloff, Dalbon and others,—engraved by J. Spittall. In four volumes. First American edition. Philadelphia: published by C. F. Stollmeyer.

The work now offered to the public is designed to fill up a great chasm in one—*most important*—department of literature, to satisfy a want felt, not only by the student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to Man from the earliest dawn of history, down to recent times; and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories," it is true, but all of them (we mean those in small forms, and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill selected, and worse arranged; they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered, strictly speaking, General Histories of the World.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a *scholar*, as a *statesman*, and as a *bold defender of liberty*; and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in its far famed halls of learning, and breathing a *German* atmosphere, he is not a German alone—he is a man whom the world may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible useless theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, in the *German, French, Italian, Swedish, and Danish languages*; and is the most popular one that has ever been published. For, although he may be ranked as the first historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the *Student*, the *Merchant*, the *Farmer*, the *Mechanic*, and the *Professional Man*.

The work will be published in four volumes, octavo,—and contain between sixteen and seventeen hundred pages. It will be printed on paper of the best quality, and bound elegantly and substantially in muslin.

The work will be ready for delivery in November, of this year.

In order to bring this History within the reach of all classes of readers, the publisher has been induced to afford it at the extremely low price of seven dollars ($7.00) per copy, *payable on delivery*.

Whoever collects eight subscribers receives one copy gratis.

Gentlemen who wish to act as agents for this work in the Middle, Western and Southern States, can hear the conditions by addressing a letter to us, *post paid*.

C. F. STOLLMEYER.
Philadelphia, June, 1840. Letter box 897.
jy 11—4m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should *remove* the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 15th, 1840.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others, and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been near it, if not quite, an inch long, at the times I have had it cut on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which, amidst all the *hair humbugs* which have been advertised in the papers, I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it *will make the hair grow*, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON,
Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. jn 20—3m

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS. To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantine Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion.

Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—6m

G. WASHINGTON ASH, Agent for Negotiating Notes, Bills of Exchange, Post Notes, Bonds and Mortgages, Insurance on Life, Fire and Marine Risks, for making Investments in Stocks, and for the purchase and sale of Real Estate. Office, Back Room, No. 4 Library street, Philadelphia. ja 20—4m

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Commissioner in Pennsylvania, duly nominated, constituted and appointed by the Governor and Senate of the State of N. York, to take the Acknowledgment and Proof of Deeds and other Writings under Seal, to be used or recorded in the State of New York, and to administer Oaths or Affirmations, pursuant to an act of the Legislature of the said State of New York, concerning "the Acknowledgment of Deeds and Instruments of Writing under Seal," passed May 12, 1840.

Commissioner's Office, 37 South Second street. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. ja 20—3m*

TO PAINTERS. All kinds of Varnishes, warranted of superior quality, made and sold wholesale and retail, at the old established stand 80 North 4th st. Also, Painters' and Artists' materials of first quality, and at reasonable prices. C. SCHRACK.
jy 11—3m*

REMOVAL.—Dr. O. H. PARTRIDGE has removed his office from 55 North 5th street to 195 [illegible] street below 7th, North side. jy 11—4t

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
To R. M. of Philadelphia.
BY ALFRED HAWTRY.

Minstrel! strike thy harp again,
Song of those I love to hear,
Song of thrones that have no pain,—
Of friends to heart and mem'ry dear!

A youth beside a gurgling stream,
Thither retir'd thus to dream.—
The sun was far in his decline
Shedding beauty o'er thee and thine.
And birds, flying here and there,
Spurted lightly in mid-air,
And with their cheerful joyous note,
Catching at each quivering mote.
May virtue ever share its joys with thee,—
And thy life a scene of pleasure be,—
For thou art all unlike the crowd
Of womankind—the vain—the proud,
Who fill the circles of the gay
And chase each rising thought away.
Beside thy couch I have gazed on thee,
When death was graven on thy cheek—
Unchanged in mind ye seemed to be—
The same, indeed,—lovely and meek!
Beside the river's grassy side,
I've watch'd thy form, fair beauty's bride;
I've gazed on thee with open brow,—
Now—oh! where art thou now?
No heavenly notes again resound—
'Tis still, sad silence reigns around.
The river rolls more rapid now—
Oh where, behold, oh! where art thou?
And high above, in sky bright star—
How dear to me its glim'ring are!
To thee, a tinge of fairy cheeks,
To me of sacred hopes it speaks.
My feelings, then, like sweetest flowers,
Springing to life in April showers,
On love and hope and beauty sped,—
But now, alas! those hopes are fled!

Pottsville, July, 24d.

QUEER OFFICE.—Jonathan, where was you going yesterday, when I saw you going to mill?—Why, I was going to mill, to be sure. Well, I, wish I had seen you—I'd got you to carry a grist for me. Why, you did see me, did'nt you? Yes, but not till you had got clean *out of sight*.

COURAGE.—A nation of cowards is more rare than a brave man; what people has not shown courage at some time? Nay, the deeper Rome sank in slavery, the more she rose in war, and Cæsar and Augustus ruled over armies of conquering slaves. The frequent decrees passed for disarming the slaves, show how much the courage of this class was feared, and that daring may exist with servility. The disciplined armies of despotism are no better than the trained falcon, which is hooded and carried on the wrist till a quarry is seen, and then strikes it, and returns to its master and its cage.

EGHO.—I stood in the deep gorge of the cloud capped mountain, and the profound stillness of undisturbed and original chaos brooded over the surrounding scene. There was not a breath to stir the ambient air, not the tinkling of a rill, the twitter of a bird, or the humming pipe of a single individual of the insect tribe—at that moment, sweet girl, I thought of thee, and under the sweet influence I called out aloud—"Oh, my own adored one, that thou wert here!" and echo answered, "*Vel, vat of it?*"

PASSIONS AND REASON.—Feelings are light troops that go and come following up an advantage when it offers, and retreating when resisted; while thoughts are like troops of the line, that stand fast against all who attach them.

Po cal Retort.

Loud brayed a jackass—cried Kate to her pet
Her spouse, with gaddy carriage
"One of your relatives I hear."
"Yes, Kate," said he, "by marriage."

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—For a woman to look on knowledge, grace and accomplishments only as baits to the hook with which she fishes for a husband, and not as precious in themselves, is like shooting game with diamonds, or flinging sceptres at fools.

A KNOWING BOY.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore post office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said—"Guess I've done the thing slick; I seen a good many folks puttin' letters into tun post office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

CARE OF DAUGHTERS.—According to the old German custom, the sons were to walk to church after their father, but the daughters before their mother, to show that their eye should never be off them.

Irish Epitaph.

Here lies the body of Jemmy Macrae
Lost at sea, and never found

CURE FOR VANITY.—Give the vain person something to do, and he (or she) will have no time to spend in looking at their own perfections. Nelson was not vain at sea, nor Alcibiades in battle, nor was Count Kaunitz a dandy at the council-board.

SPEAKING IN FIRE.—A regular exquisite, dressed "to kill," called upon the captain of one of our steamboats yesterday, when the following dialogue ensued,

"Aw, capting, good mawning" When do you take your departure?"

"To-morrow afternoon, sir, at four o'clock," said the captain.

"Facewell, capting?"

"Exactly at the hour," continued the captain.

"Pun honor, capting, that's a unreasonable hour. Suppewing I should be dining out at the time?"

"Why, you'd be left, that's all."

"Aw, that would make it disagweable, vewy. You know a gentleman can't well leave a dining table before six o'clock, capting; but I suppose I must try. Good mawnin'."

"Good morning, sir."—*Picayune.*

BACHELORS.—A married lady has favored us with the following report:—Bachelors bespeaked by their housekeepers, three thousand one hundred and eighty-five; pestered by legacy-hunting relatives, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six; devoured by cunning and selfish cares, two thousand six hundred and four; troubled by nephews and nieces, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three; crabbed, cross-grained, dessolate in life's decline, five thousand three hundred and eighty-four; happy, none.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—"Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, thin, he's dead, sir!" "But how did he die?" "Why, sir, you see, he fell off a scaffold, one day, while the praiste was talkin' to 'em!"

CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.—How silly to suppose that information destroys either the beauty or sensibility of the character! Sacrificing the wasted ten thousand cats in the course of his experiments—did this tend to make his own ear for music duller? or did Michael Angelo's knowledge of the anatomy of the eye make his own less true and accurate?

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company, that she thought there should be a taxation on the single state—"Yes, madam," replied Colonel ———, who was present, and was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

DREADFUL.—Some years since as we were conversing with a country physician by his own fire, a little urchin came bolting in with, "O doctor! doctor!—come quick; daruation's to pay over to our house!" Daddy's got the rheumatic—mammy's got the toothache—bubby's got the measels—Sal's gat married! O dear, boo hoo!"

A FAIR BUSINESS.—A country editor in speaking of a steamboat, says, "She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin.

"O life of me!" exclaimed an old lady, on reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Cushat Dove.

We dislike all favoritism, and a foolish and capricious partiality for particular bird or beast; but dear, old, sacred associations will *tell* upon all one thinks or feels toward any place or person in this world of ours, near or remote. God forbid we should criticise the Cushat. If ever we mention his name in Blackwood's Magazine, we shall, as usual, avoid all personalities, and speak of him as tenderly as of a friend buried in our early youth. Too true it is, that often and oft, when school-boys, have we striven to steal upon him in his solitude, and to shoot him to death. In morals, and in religion, it would be heterodox to deny that the will is as the deed. Yet in cases of high and hot-way robbery and murder, there does seem, treating the subject not in philosophical but popular style, to be some little difference between the two; at least we hope so, for otherwise we can with difficulty imagine one person not deserving to be ordered for execution, on Wednesday next, between the hours of eight and nine ante-meridian. Happily, however, for our future peace of mind, and not improbably for the whole conformation of our character, our guardian genius—(every boy has a guardian genius constantly at his side both during school and play hours, though, it must be confessed, sometimes a little remiss in his duty, for the nature even of angelic beings is imperfect)—always so contrived it, that, with all our cunning, we never could kill a Cushat. Many a long hour—indeed whole Saturdays—have we laid perdue among broom and whins, the beautiful green and yellow skirting of sweet Scotia's woods watching his egress or ingress, our gun ready cocked, and finger on trigger, that, on the flapping of his wings, not a moment might be lost in bringing him to the ground. But couch where we might, no Cushat ever came near our insidious lair. Now and then a Magpie,—birds who, by the by, when they suspect you of any intention of shooting them, are as distant in their manners as Cushats themselves, otherwise as impudent as Cockneys—would come hopping in continual tail-jerks, with his really beautiful plumage, if one could bring one's self to think it so, and then sport the perwire within twenty yards of the muzzle of Brown-Bess impatient to let fly. But our soul burned, our heart panted for a Cushat; and in that strong fever-fit of passion, could we seek to slake our thirst for that wild blood with the murder of a thievish eaves-dropper of a Pye? The Blackbird, too, often dropt out of the thicket, into an open glade into the hazle shaws; and the distinctness of his yellow bill showed he was far within shot-range. Yet, let us do ourselves justice, we never, in all our born-days, dreamt of shooting a Blackbird,—him that scares away sadness from the woodland twilight gloom, at morn or eve; whose anthems, even in those dim days when Nature herself it might be well thought were melancholy, forceth the firmament to ring with joy. Once "the snow-white coney sought its evening meal," unconscious of our dangerous vicinity, issuing with erected ears from the wood edge. That last was, we confess, such a temptation to touch the trigger, that had we resisted it we must have been either more or less than boy. We fired; and kicking up his heels, doubtless in fear and fright, but as it then seemed to us, during our disappointment, much rather in fun and frolic—nay absolutely derision—away bounded Master Rabbit to his burrow, without one particle of soil silvery wool on sward or bush, to bear witness to our unerring aim. As it the branch on which he had been sitting were broken, away then went the crashing Cushat through the intermingling sprays. The free flapping of his wings was soon heard in the air above the tree tops, and ere we could recover from our almost bitter amazement, the creature was murmuring to his mate on her shallow nest,—a far-off murmur, solitary and profound,—to reach unto which, through the tangled mazes of the forest, would have required a separate sense, instinct, or faculty, which we did not possess. So shaking out of our hiding place, we made no comment on the remark of a home-ward plodding hacker, who had heard the report, and now smell the powder, "Cushats are gay an' kittle birds to kill," but returned with our shooting-bag as empty as our stomach, to the Manse.

But often—often did we visit, without thought of Cushat, Lintwhite, or Goldfinch, the fragrant solitude of those hazel Shaws. There stood, embowered in birch trees, within a glade and garden cleared into a beautiful circle from the wood edge, a cottage, that many came to visit, less for its own exceeding loveliness, than for the sake of the inmates who sat beside its hearth. Dear to the schoolboy is the stated or unexpected holiday, when away he goes with a leaping heart to the angling in the burn flowing among its brawny brace with many a fairy waterfall—or in the moorland lieth with its one isle of pines and old castle ruin. Such—sometimes in passion, sometimes in pensiveness—was the sole pastime of our youth. But often—even in holiday—did we use to steal away from our gleesome comrades, and sit till evening in that sylvan shieling. How hushed and humble in their simplicity were all the engainges of that lonesome household! The husband at work in the wood, changing the almost valueless hazle coppice, interwined with briar roses, into pretty patches of pasturage, sheltered places for the new dropped lambs—or felling, ere the sap had mounted into the branches, the ringing forest tree. The sound of his ceaseless axe was heard within—and his wife's face smiled as the clock gave warning of the hour of one or six—for in five minutes he was sure to enter the door. He was a laborer—not a slave. Ten hours was his spring and summer day's drag, in winter eight—for his mind deserved the time his body was fit for it, and he had like mine a heart and a soul to be fed. Had there been nothing for him to be proud of in his wife but her beauty, he might well have held up his head with her by his side at church or market. But he felt his happiness to be in her gentleness, her industry, her sense, and her faith—that through the week kept his house clean, calm, cheerful, orderly,—and on Sabbath secure with a holy rest.

But how—Oh how shall I speak of her—the lovely May—that all day long was wandering about her nest on little acts and errands of love, for which alone she seemed to have been born, so ready ever were her blue eyes to fill either with smiles or with tears! Gazing on her forehead, one might indeed easily have thought of the glistening of the threads of fine beaten gold—of the gossamere floating in the dew-drop in the morning sun—or of flower-rays dancing in the light to sudden breezes amid the woodlands dim—or some one star looking out in its brightness when all others were in mist. Yet when that fair child was alive—and a daily sight of her beauty given to my fraternal eyes—never once did such images gather round her head. There it was in the beauty of its own ringlets—the kindness of those lips—the innocence of those eyes! When she spoke, it was her own voice alone that I heard—for it was unlike any other sound on this earth. Often as in her bearing her exceeding beauty had been praised—nor could delighted admiration, even by the thoughtful, be well repressed—she knew not that she was beautiful,—but felt that she was happy, and hoped that she was good. Yet when in the Bible she read of sin and sinners, and of him who died that they might be saved, rueful were the tears she shed, even as if her commission had been disturbed, and trembled before her Maker. Early and deep in her soul were sown the seeds of Faith—that immortal flower which shall be perfected in Heaven. Fair blossoms and precious fruits it bore in her—watered sometimes—but not too often, by solitary tears!—But these were her Sabbath hours, or her hours of week-day prayers. Her life was cheerful—joyful in its blessedness—and all the grief, all the sorrow, all the shame, all the contrition she ever suffered—what were they all to the agony that, had she lived, might have been crowded into the raving darkness of one single day!

We have all read of children—touched by a light from heaven—meditating with a power seemingly far beyond their infant years, upon a world to come. Thoughts and feelings—of which we can know not the full holy virtue—change them into saints and make them sigh for Heaven. How sweetly have their little voices been heard in hymns, when they knew that they were lying on their death beds! They have told their parents not to weep for them—and having kissed their brothers and sisters with such smiles as pass between those who love one another, when one of them is about to go away on a visit from which in a few weeks he is to return—they have laid down their heads, never to be lifted again till the judgment-day. Oh! scoff not at the wonderful piety you may not understand! Look into the eyes of your own daughter of seven years as she is saying her prayers—and disbelieve not the truth told of creatures young and innocent as she—whom God took unto himself—and ere he stretched out his hand to waft them from earth, showed them a glimpse of heaven!

The skies of ten summers only were ever seen by her, whom in those days I used to call my sister; but whose image, even as the image of a daughter whom I myself had lost, is now sometimes witnessed kneeling along with our children at their prayers. Such is the more than memory—the clear-returning presence of her death-bed. It never could be said that she sickened before she died. Dying she was—that was visible to all—but she her parents seek to conceal it either from her or themselves. To lose her—never after one certain day to see or hear her more—that was a sentence that, had it been pronounced of a sudden all in one word, would have killed them both. But what do the souls of us mortal beings know of what is in them, till He who made them, reveals it all by a dreadful, but a holy light, held close to them in the hand of sorrow? Week followed week—Sabbath followed Sabbath—and all the while she was dying before their eyes. Those eyes could not cease to weep—no, no—nature issued, in their affliction, no such decree. But there was at least little or no bitterness in their tears—there was no more sobbing—no more bursting of the heart—as far as beings like us, who see God's judgments dimly, can be resigned, they were resigned—and so said both the father and the mother, when, left alone in the house of death, they closed their Lucy's eyes, and took off gently—oh more gently far than if she had been asleep—a lifeless ringlet from her temples, to put within the leaves of the Bible at the very place she had read her last—that every morning, every mid-day, every evening, and many, many a mid-night too—they might see it, and kiss it, and weep over it—so, on, on, for ever—till they both were dead!

When their friends were asked to the funeral, I was not forgotten. Neither of them had any blood-relations, and some lived at too great a distance for poor men to come; so I was one of the chief mourners, and stood close to her father, when we left her down into her grave. In the midst of my sore weeping, his pale face seemed to bid me restrain my tears; but when all was over, and we had reached the church yard gate, it was my turn to be the comforter. Methinks I hear that groan at this very silent moment; but deep as it was, as deep a groan as ever rended a human breast, what matters it now, more than a sigh of the wind through a crevice,—for twenty long years have had their flight, since the heart that uttered it ceased to quake with any mortal passion.

By what inscrutable cause are we led to fasten thus upon some one long-ago event, that had lain year after year in utter oblivion? Why thus will some one single solitary idea, some momentary event of our past life, all of itself flash upon us, and haply never be thought of more? A sweet voice once heard,—a face that past by,—a tune,—a rose-tree that bore a thousand blossoms,—a ship in full sail,—a sunset—a tear,—a hope,—an agony,—an ecstasy,—the light of an assured virtue,—the shadow of an assured sin! Oh! my little Lucy—my beautiful, my beloved—thou art as has so long been dead—and others, for years at a time, by me utterly forgotten—that and the morning are before me, looking just as did thy face, and Heaven's, when first I beheld there at thy cottage door!

Away from the Reef.

Away from the reef! the night-star is up
Away, come away! there is strife on the cup!
There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl
But listen and hyme, thy will soaken the soul!

The boom of the gallant is sparkling and bright
Rising like gems on the darkness red light,
But the glance of those eyes, of a longer date,
Will—though the night lasts—be the morn—a plate!

The pearl studded chalice displaying in pride
May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide,
But the pearl of the dew drop the source of the breath
Are dearer and rarer—more blessed than we

Oh! come, come to-night, the night star is up,
Its ray is more bright than the silver blossom of cup,
The boat gently dances, the breezy sail flits,
We'll glide out the waters, of foes on the bolts

We'll kneel on the moonlight, beneath the dark pine,
One heartfelt prayer the moonlight, and others, the shrine
Back on the foeman's frown look from time wave
As the eye of the free on the chains of the slave!

Oh! come, come to-night, the moon is on high,
The breath of the vesper-flame rides on the lake
There is peace all around us, and health in the breeze,
And God can be nearer more blessed than these!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Beauty.

How universal is the practice among mankind to admire, adore, and reverence Beauty; in fact it may justly be termed an attribute of our nature so to do, and so powerful is its sway over the senses, that vast numbers being lost in the contemplation of it, stop not short of even worshipping at its shrine.

Beauty shines forth in resplendent perfection in all the works of nature, and also with winning and pleasing charms in the numerous works of art, in the mysteries of science, and in the sweet and enchanting sounds of music; and yet, strange as it may seem, many, very many, pass it by in these connexions with but a passing glance, and love only to view it in female form and features; and although it cannot but attract very much of our admiration there, yet too often it is made the sole object of pursuit,—the only sine of an immortal mind; and when how empty and vain does it prove itself to be, and how soon does it fly at the approach of sickness, pain, sorrow or sere decay, and then is left but an empty husk, devoid of any attractions, and we may well ask

"What is the beauty? not the shine
Of shapely limbs and features fine. &c.
These are but flowers
That may their varied hours
To breathe forth momentary sweets, then go,
The life stamp'd not within
Their existence for better ends."

Those persons whose consistency of conduct, purity of life, and beauty of behaviour shines forth to the view of all around; they possess beauty indeed;—beauty that adorns, that is lasting, that is beneficial, and which cannot but call forth the admiration and exercise of those with whom they associate; for beauty in this connexion pleases not only the senses but the mind also; and in truth, in no other form is it equal to this one; for all the beauties of nature are to be burned up!—The various devices of art, and science to be abandoned and forgotten,—music to lose all its attractions,—and the beauty of form and features to mingle into dust; but the solid, and substantial beauties of the mind shall not only continue and increase through time, but never cease to unfold, still newer and more pleasing attractions throughout the never ending ages of eternity.

Philada. Aug. 4th, 1840. W. R. S.

WAR.—War is sincerely to be deprecated, fearful when at hand; as the rage, which was hailed with joy by the discoverers and named the Cape of Good Hope, was found, when they sailed upon it, to deserve no better name than the "Cape of Storms."

APPEARANCES.—The most striking of appearances is our fear of spirits in a wooden world, crammed full of machinery, like this one.

From the Knickerbocker for August.

Life's Lessons.

"And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—*Shakspeare*

Let us go to the hall, where the red wine flows,
And roses and myrtles are gaily wreathed;
Where many a cheek with its deep joy glows,
And the sad, sweet music of lutes is breathed.
Ere morning comes, the scene will be fled,
Faded will be the dream of Mirth:
The song will be hushed and the roses dead—
Is there nought to be learned by this?

Let us go to the shore, where the sea-shells lie,
And the sand with weeds and wrecks is strown;
Where o'er the rocks and cold waves fly,
And make their hollow a sullen moan:
Those desolate things were cast away
From the false breast of the raging sea;
And there they are sadly left to decay—
Is there not a lesson in these?

Let us go to the wood, where the hawthorn blows,
When its leaves in the soft spring time are green,
When its mantle around it the woodbine throws,
And the pearly flowerets peep between
Oh, we shall find a moral in them,—
Thus with the leaves decorbtally twined;
Decking awhile the thorny stem,
Yet cropping off with the first rude wind!

Let us go to the fields, when the storm is over,
And the rain drops sparkle like stars at eve:
When the thunder peal is heard no more,
And the ocean's bosom hath ceased to heave;—
Then shall we see the rainbow bright,
From the glowing clouds and the sunshine wrought,
Shedding on all things its colored light—
Something, surely, by this is taught!

Let us go to the graves, where our loved ones are,
And let us choose the midnight time,
When the heavens are glorious with many a star,
And silence and grandeur raise thoughts sublime;
And as we look from the mouldering dust
Up to the cope of the boundless sky,
So shall our spirits around, in their trust,
To the HOLY SPIRIT that dwelleth on high.

Liverpool, Eng. MARY ANNA BROWNE

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Meantonimo.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

"Come, my boys, sit down by me, and I'll tell you a story," said an old grey-haired pensioner of the Revolution, whose age numbered something more than fourscore years. We were his grand-children, and he called us all boys though some of us might have been of the age at which every one calls himself a man. I saw by the kindling of his small piercing eye that he was about to tell us something, the memory of which roused up his whole soul, and with more than usual interest sat down to hear him relate for the first time the following tale.

"Before the war of the Revolution broke out," said he, "the Indians used frequently to visit Wyoming, (where my father had settled,) for the purpose of trading; and, as they had never received any thing of injury or insult from the peaceful settlers, a perfect confidence existed between them. I observed one day, among a party of these Indians—a young female of about seventeen summers. She was sitting on the ground after the manner of her race. Her arms were bare, and formed a complete taper from the shoulder to the ends of her fingers. Her wrists were encircled by broad silver bracelets. One breast was uncovered, and her swelling bosom was a complete model of female beauty—her cheek was rather fair and rich, as if English blood was flowing in her veins. Her dark eyes sparkled—her teeth were even, and as white as ivory—and her smile—Ah! I see—and feel it now. But what particular fly struck my fancy, was the beautiful symmetry of her form. Her Indian dress displayed this to the best advantage. Her light mantle, girded closely about her waist by a belt of wampum—tight leggins, and low moccasins—concealed none of the roundness of her form, or the beautiful turn of her ankle. And when she rose from the ground, and stood in listless attitude gazing carelessly around, I was chained to the spot with admiration. Such a form no painter could copy or sculptor imitate. I was young then, but never shall I forget that Indian girl.

"Several times afterward, she came to our settlement with others of her tribe; and so entirely was my fancy taken up with her appearance, that I had all my thoughts in her direction. The consequence was, we became good friends. We knew enough of each other's language, so as, before we left the fort, to be able to converse with sufficient fluency. We passed hours together, and I found her the true child of nature. Her heart was purity itself; and had not the war broken out she might have been, says, my grandmother," We laughed at this idea—but, he proceeded. "I really think if we had seen each other much more, we should have been completely in love. I one day gave her a small gold breast pin, which she promised to wear for my sake; see, I have it now. When we parted that day, tears stood in her eyes; she told me for the first time, her name, and asked me if I would not sometimes remember Meantonimo. I never saw her but once again!

"Well, in July, 1778, the tories and Indians attacked and took two of our forts at Wyoming—the first surrendered without any resistance—the other soon after the assault was commenced. We had accordingly fortified ourselves as strongly as possible in the only fort that remained, which, however, was capable of being defended with comparative ease. It was called, 'the Forty Fort.' One day a man, named Daniel Lawrence, and myself, were sent out to collect cattle. The Indians were then adding all the cattle they could find. While engaged in this business, we heard that Col. Butler, who commanded our little army, allured by the offers of treaty by the Tories and Indians, had determined to lead the men out of the Fort. We took a hasty drink from a spring and fair. Just as we reached the Fort the men were going. Col. Dorrison remained to defend the fort. Capt. Ransom requested Zebulon Butler to permit him to take a few men and go on in advance to discover where the Indians were. He chose Mr. Lorenzo, myself, and twelve others. Placing us a few rods apart, he told us to keep a sharp look-out, and the moment we saw an Indian to let him know. It was no matter long. Presently I espied one skulking among the bushes—"Capt. Ransom," said I, "I see one!"

"Where?"

"By the lilac yonder,—and see, there's another!" We went within a few rods of them, and when once we saw one, lied. They never fired a gun, but kept retreating, slowly, till they had drawn us a long distance from the fort. The number of our men was just three hundred and sixty. These were fourteen hundred of the enemy. All at once we found they had drawn us into ambush. We were nearly surrounded. Col. Butler ordered our right wing to retreat, and flank them. It was too late! They sprang upon us—and such slaughter! That was fight, my! It makes my old blood boil now, to think of it! I feel twenty years younger!" and the old man sprang from his chair and paced the room with all the vigor of youth. "The Indians that day took almost scalps enough to make reels for their wigwams! Some of our men broke through and fled to Monockshock island. Five of us ran some distance together, suddenly three were shot down, and a man named Franklin and myself, were left alone. The poor wretches that were shot called loudly for help—it was in vain I never turned my head—to help them was impossible. Though I hardly think the Indians would have killed me had they caught me. I spoke since to my companion, Franklin—I'll stop I can run to Esther. I'll be a prisoner!"

"Spring, spring for your life," said he—"the moment they come upon you they will kill you." We had just come to a cedar bush perhaps two rods down; I went down at a jump! I looked around—I was alone. Franklin was gone, where I know not. I stood thinking what was best to be done. The Indians were close on the top of the hill. They beckoned to me. I turned and sprang. I ran as nearly as I can calculate forty rods. Suddenly all was dark—I could see no more. Down I fell, gun and all—well loaded too. Luckily I had fallen in a little cluster of bushes. I heard them pass me; soon as they were by I scraped the leaves over me as well as I could, and then lay perfectly still. They had seen me fall, and soon came back to search for me. They came so near I could see their eyes rolling. They hunted till dark, and when they could see no longer they raised a long whoop, and went away—as soon as all of them had disappeared at the place where I had seen the last of Franklin, I got up and went to the fort. But what was the garrison then? Of those three hundred and sixty brave fellows that marched out, only sixty ever returned. I enquired for Capt. Ransom. No one had seen him. I had seen him once—then the Indians clutched him, but I had hoped he might have escaped, he was a brave man. I had fought under him before; and if ever a commander was beloved by his soldiers it was Capt. Ransom.

"The next day one of our men came in. His name was Oliver Hammond. The tories had taken him prisoner and delivered him to the Indians. He knew what his fate would be, and determined, if he was their prisoner, he would not be their victim, without an effort for his life. He suddenly attacked them with his fists. They could not fire upon him for he was in the very midst of them. He escaped, and I saw him come back with a flesh wound in his arm. He had seen Captain Ransom. He was a prisoner and would probably soon be sacrificed to their vengeance.

"I have said that Capt. Ransom's men loved him; consequently I had no difficulty in persuading others to assist me in attempting his rescue. That same night eight of us left the fort with Hammond for our guide and by day-light were close upon the encampment of the enemy. We agreed upon a signal at which to make the attempt and then each chose for himself a hiding place, where he might be concealed. All the morning the Indians were engaged in council. I had selected a place on a craggy eminence, covered with small underwood—near the little plain where they had encamped, and could distinctly see all that was taking place. Brandt, the notorious half-breed, was there—and was loud and long in his declamation—I could trace the effects of his eloquence, upon the stern and savage spirits around him—and as his tones grew deeper and his gestures more vivdent, and the expression of his countenance like that of a tiger springing on his prey—their eyes kindled, their teeth gnashed, till at last—at his concluding burst of indignation and savage eloquence, each one grasped his knife or tomahawk—and they sprang simultaneously from their feet, as if instantly to glut their rage in the blood of their victim. Then I knew that all hope of his safety from the mercy of the savages was vain, and that unless we saved him—tortures and insults and every thing worse than death must be his portion."

"Near the centre of the place stood a small tree. He stood there, a mark for the insults of the merciless squaws, whilst the men, all of them as I thought, went to a forest at some distance, some to hoed, others to collect fuel for the fire. I saw that the moment of trial had come—changing my plan I did not fire my gun which was the signal agreed upon but rushed down as silently as possible, hoping I might be able to fire the Captain and escape with him before the savages could get the alarm. I was mistaken—they were too cunning to have such a prisoner in charge of a few squaws only; and before I could reach the spot—a brawny savage rushed towards me from a tent near by. I levelled my gun, it missed fire. I felt that my hour had come. I stood facing my foe determined to die bravely. His gun was levelled at my breast—but before he had time to draw the trigger, an Indian girl—just growing into womanhood springing between us and offered her own breast to the bullet. It was Meantonimo! She had recognized me, and in return for my former kindness had thus periled her life to save mine. Her dark eye flashed with indignation—long resolution sat upon her brow, and as she stood there—one hand upon her breast, the other pointing in a manner half threatening half entreating, to the blood thirsty savage before us—a queen might have envied her that figure and that grace of attitude which could never be approached in all the imitations of the most gifted artist that ever handled the chisel. Brandt's gun—for it was he himself—dropped from his shoulder—for a moment he stood in dumb surprise, then the spirit of unmixed vengeance flashed in streams of fire from his eyes, and quivered on his lip. "The white man shall not die" said Meantonimo—"you dare not kill her! The Meantonimo that speaks!" "Am I a fool—said he, "but I shall spare the life of the pale faced squaw. And does Meantonimo try to hinder the punishment of the foe of her race?" "She had better make her bed with the pale faces, for her heart is white—and let no red man dare become the daughter of a chief, who should have courage to stand the very blood of the enemies of her tribe." Then was uttered in a tone of most touching and bitter irony. The proud form of the provoker girl drew up to a still greater height, and her lip curled with scorn as she replied—"And is it thus that the "Hawkeye tries to charge the purpose of the daughter of Onandaloe? It was the love of which he has so often told her!" Now The pale face was kind to Meantonimo—he—paid me the very gun which I had given her in the token of his friendship—she is more his foe than—and he shall not die!" The Hawkeye may keep his boasted bow—it waste it on some pretty maiden, who will not dare to disobey his commands. Meantonimo needs it not. She knows it—and would not ask of him even her own life." Never shall I forget her look as she said this, nor the fierce expression with Brandt regarded us both. Yet mingling or afraid to slay her, whom to perhaps really loved or feared, he threw down his gun and sprang toward me with his knife. His arm was raised—the blow fell—and before I could make an effort to arrest it, the long knife was sheathed to the handle in the breast of Meantonimo!—Noble girl, (and the old man wiped his eyes,) "I can never help dropping a tear, as I remember how she threw herself between me and death. Brandt was overcome with astonishment. She was not the victim he had wished; profiting by his momentary stupor, I snatched this same gun from the breast of the unfortunate girl—and sprang towards the stake where my dear Captain was bound, a spectator of this scene—without the power of rendering assistance. Brandt saw my purpose, regained his gun—and fired. The bullet passed through my arm, and lodged in the heart of my brave commander. I had then no object for further danger or conduct. I launched towards the hill where I had lain concealed. By this time some of the other Indians had returned—a pursuit was instantly commenced. Some of the men I had left concealed now fired, others fled. By the help of Providence I reached my home in safety.—All this took place long since, but it is as fresh in my memory as if it had been but yesterday—and were I to live a thousand years, to my latest day I should love and reverence the memory of the noble hearted Meantonimo."

NOTE.—Both had to wrestle with dragons and many monsters, they are not easily killed now. The pretendings to regard the memories of Washington are perfectly curious. The blade was stained down from the top of one of the trees which which stood nearest.

* The manner by which Brandt was shot by the Indian.

PUN-MERY.—Philosophy is a game of thimble-rig, and the wise are put to catch some one blindfold, and must guess who is it, or else go satisfying.

SUBLIMITY.—Sublimity is the *Pas de Boulogne* of Europe, the dwelling ground always chosen, when a hundred thousand men are to fight.

WIT PAYS.—It is waste of counting up your wan assets and advantages with complacency, and remember that it was for wanting the number of this people, that David was deprived of them.

The Schloss Palace in Berlin

BY T. S. FAY.

Right in front of me the huge Schloss lifted its dark sombre and vast form, scarcely changed by that Time which was bearing away king and soldier and subject, like so many summer leaves. In those sumptuous halls Frederick-William, the great elector, saw his dominions increase in power and happiness. His son, Frederick, covered himself with ridicule by assuming the title of King. In 1713 this frivolous sovereign, whose folly, however unforeseen by himself, has produced the results of the profoundest wisdom, died; and beneath yonder vast pile Frederick-William I., so remarkable in various respects, and whose whole life is so singular and interesting, there acted many of those extraordinary scenes in which his children, and particularly his son, afterward so illustrious under the name of Frederick the Great, played such unhappy parts. Beneath that roof the great Frederick, that celebrated poet, historian, statesman, soldier and monarch, was born. No one who has read his life can view without interest this magnificent old building; nor does it become less invested with striking associations, when the imagination passes from the dreadful days of his youth, when his father and sovereign pursued him with a vengeance almost alone in the history of the world, to his subsequent years, when, at the head of armies, his single genius kept Europe at bay, and raised his kingdom from ruin almost to its present grandeur. Frederick-William II., the nephew of this great man, succeeded him as the owner and habitant of the Schloss; and in 1797, Frederick-William III., the monarch who had just completed his long and eventful reign, and whose body was about to be borne from his royal abode to the grave, first entered those splendid halls as their master. Since that period, what immense changes have come over Europe! What hosts of the haughty and the great have passed away! What crowds have risen into opulence, rank and renown, and sunk again into nothing! What a vision of grandeur had been conjured up out of the ground, as if by enchantment, by the sword of one, audacious soldier; and how that vision, with all its glorious and brilliant pageants, its stern and terrible armies, its intoxicating and shouting populace, its daring and triumphant generals and nobles, its beautiful women, its senates and councils and diplomatists—how have they all passed away! like the cloud from the blue of a summer sky—like the mist that rises in the morning and rolls from the bosom of a hill. As I stood I could see opposite me a large double window looking into the square from the apartments of this palace, once occupied by Napoleon. When the advance of this resistless enemy of the house of Brandenburg had driven Frederick-William III. from his metropolis, the conqueror took up his residence in those rooms, and used often to show himself at that large window to the multitudes who filled the square, and who rent the air with shouts of—one can scarcely say what—as the well-known form and calm marble face appeared before their eyes. Crowds, even such as now filled the Lust garten, were continually assembled at that period to get a glimpse of him. I could almost imagine those now hearing and shouting beneath me were gathered for that purpose. I could almost imagine I myself had come with the rest, as I certainly should have done, to gratify the singular curiosity I have always had on this subject. I could nearly fancy, as from time to time a form approached the window, that I could distinguish the gray coat and little hat, around which, in those tremendous battles, had rallied so many bold hearts, now cold—and so many flashing eyes, now dark in the dust. Imagination, which loves to conjure up the phantoms of the past, would scarcely believe that he who stood yonder being to the reclamation of the people, had run through such extraordinary subsequent vicissitudes—had fallen—risen—fallen again—like an eagle pierced, but still struggling to gain the clouds—that the people themselves are all gone, with the exception of here and there a gray haired old man, or an infirm grandmother—and that the young monarch who stood more than once in the antechamber of his conqueror, had survive completed the reign of a Napoleon and was now—one of the last lingering vestiges of that remarkable time—just himself passed from the earth, to give place to new persons—new kings—new heroes—a new generation—perhaps new wars—and a new order of things.—A. Y. Mirror

The Visionary Portrait.

From Mrs. Norton's new edition of Poems.

As if he could hearth be sick
The shadow of a sickness dream
Fixed, yet not fixed, I lay and gazed
Upon the face that I knew well
Changed in each one spiritual sense
Thoroughly changed—but one who might
Have ever in my presence stay,
With an intense and quiet joy
Gazing on those dear features fair
Which I had watched so long in health
Know no harsher one to-day.

Let her be pretty, let her be child
Whose hand and unexpressive mouth
Begin too winged and too wild
For sober—settled—

The freshness faded with youth's opening
And faded away in youth's prime

Yet Youth's fresh glow and youthful bloom
Upon her brows and cheek
Yet not a shadow, not of gloom
Thought and care—

Thus when some work—of the world's power
Has even begun the withering hour
Removed from the sacred that will never leave
To dwell apart
All vanished and enshrined to be
The child of our memory!

And yet I let Mary to her home
In truth, I cannot say I did wound
At night to see her—fain to home
Come—remembering round

But which the unconscious heart begin
With holy thoughts and innocent smiles

With powerful memories—with new hope
And love, the same as yet and tears
And pulsing sickness—and fond
Through troubled years
Or, dream of something half serious
Be real—be

Personal Courage of Bonaparte.

The brilliant affair of Ehrlingen having given the emperor the advantage of a strong point on the right bank, he had no time to prolong by it to make all his guard, the corps of Marshal Lannes, and that of the grenadiers united under the command of General Oudinot, pass over to the side in order to shut up the enemy in Ulm. The weather became very bad; the bridge of Ehrlingen was carried away by a sudden rise of the river; and we learned at the same time, the sally made by the Archduke Ferdinand, and the last hard action of the division of General Dupont.—The emperor, after having sent red the Grand Duke of Berg to pursue the Archduke, marched toward Ulm, to complete the movement of that place on the left bank, and to make himself master of Mount St. Michael, one of the eminences which commanded the town. The rain fell in torrents; the emperor stopped in a wretched hovel, within half-cannon shot of the entrenchments, the attack of which he confided to General Bertrand. He went thither in person, and it was there, that having advanced very far, just at the moment when the enemy were unmasking a battery, Marshal Lannes attempted in vain, to hinder him from exposing himself any further, and even went so far as to lay hold of his horse's bridle in order to stop him.—*Memoirs of his Own Time, by Count Dumas.*

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Spirit Song.

Moonlight is sleeping on the wave,
You sandy beach shines in the ray,
And silver are the sands that pave
Fair Pascagoula bay.
You isles of green seem spirit bound,
While spell-like silence floats around;
And you mysterious object mark!
Far over the glassy surface, see
The branching root of some dead tree
Peep out above the shallow sea,
Like water spirit dark.

Like same lone spirit of the water
Gazing upon the fair moonlight,